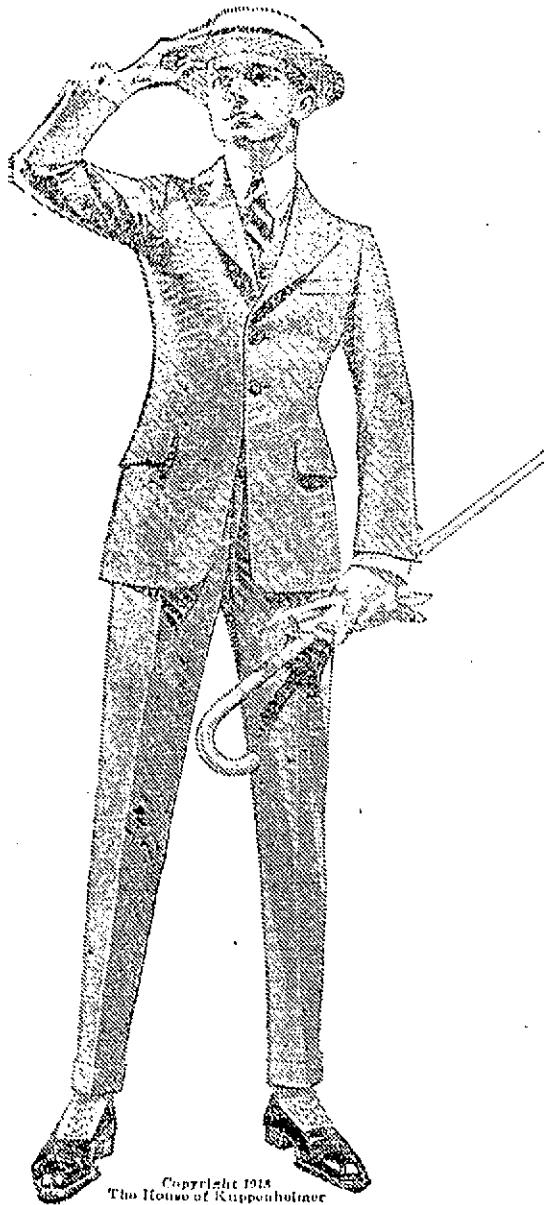


THE GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE

DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN, MAY 2, 1918

The American Farmer —Ally of the Allies!



In the cities last year when the pinch was beginning to be felt, Uncle Sam gave the word and a million vacant lots sprang into gardens, smiling and bowing with peas and corn and tomatoes and cabbage and other needed foods. Lots that had never known anything but weeds, blossomed with bounty for the table.

SCIENTIFIC WORK ON WOOD CO. FARMS

Wood county has been selected as one of the three counties in the state in which to carry on scientific experimental work and the sum of \$1,000 has already been placed to the credit of the Wood County Agricultural school for this purpose, and next year the sum will be increased to \$2,000 by the United States government.

Prof. P. F. Gras of the Mt. Hope agricultural school has been appointed as the man to take charge of the work in this country and is expected that he will be on the ground to start in within a short time.

While no outline of the work can be given at the present time, still it can be stated that it will be of a more practical nature than anything that has ever before been attempted along this line, and when it has once become fairly started there will be a chance for the rising generation to secure information in the agricultural branches as applicable to Wood county such as has never before existed.

It might be stated that while this money appropriated by the government for this experimental work will be checked out thru the Wood County Agricultural school, it will not be donated by the country in any part, but come straight from the United States government.

Those who have taken the pains

to inform themselves on the subject have known for a long time that many of the farmers of this section have not been receiving as large returns from their farms as they should. That is, that they are not as prosperous as other sections, because the amount of work they do and the number of acres they cultivate. There is no question in anybody's mind that a man who puts in all his time at tilling the soil should receive a pretty good living for his efforts, and everybody feels that this can be done provided the proper methods are pursued, and there is no reason which man should not find out what these methods are if he has a mind to study the situation. If the experiments are carried out as they should be there is no reason why every farmer in the county should not benefit from them either directly or indirectly.

No doubt as the matter progresses it will be possible to give the people some additional information on the subject.

HEARING ON CHANGE IN THE STATE TRUNK HIGHWAY

The Wisconsin Highway Commission, having filed with the Special Legislative State Trunk Highway Committee, consisting of Senators Clark and Jennings and Assemblymen Petersen, Chapple and Woodard the remonstrances presenting protest against the State Trunk Highway System as laid out by the State Highway Commission, will make a full investigation and hold a hearing in this country. The remonstrances received from citizens in this country asks the following change:

That the present system from southwest corner Sec. 24-25-3, west 4 miles be abandoned and the road commencing at said Section corner and running north one mile, west two miles, north one mile, west and north to Marshfield, be substituted therefor.

The Special Legislative State Trunk Highway Committee will make its investigation on the ground probably on Wednesday morning, May 8, 1918. The hearing proper will be held at the court house at Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, commencing at 2 p. m. All persons interested are invited to attend the proposed change are cordially invited by the committee to make their views known at the hearing.

P. Walter Petersen,
Chairman Special Legislative State
Trunk Highway Committee.

WHAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID TO HIS CRITICS

"Gentlemen suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had to put it in the hands of Blondin, the tight-rope walker, to cross the Niagara river on a rope, would you shake the cable and keep shouting out to him 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter.' Blondin stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?" No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue and keep hands off until he was safely over. The government's critics are an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

LOCAL ITEMS

—The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, is coming.

Robert Morris has purchased the Gus Schuman home on Baker street.

Mrs. John Hamm' and Mrs. George Warren are visiting with relatives in Milwaukee this week.

George Goodman has been appointed street commissioner and foreman by City Engineer Thompson.

F. C. Hart of Phillips is spending several days in the city on business and visiting at the F. E. Ward home.

Look out for the Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin. He is coming.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Whittlesey of Cranmoor are spending the day in this city looking after some business matters.

Mrs. Ruth McCamley has taken a position at the Ragin Auto Sales company as stenographer and office lady.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Christensen of Chippewa are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Severson on 4th Ave. N.

Clarence Jackson, employment manager for the Consolidated Water Power and Paper Company, spent Friday and Saturday in Milwaukee attending the meetings of the Industrial Service Conference. Mr. Jackson delivered an address at the convention on the subject of "Safety and Output."

All kinds of legal blanks for sale at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hill, whose son Myron is a lieutenant in the American army now serving in France, report that they hear from him pretty regularly notwithstanding the fact that the mail facilities are not as good as they might be in times of peace. Myron reports that he is getting along nicely and has had some varied experiences during the short time he has been there, some of which he has confided to others not quite so. He has been right up the front, altho serving as an instructor in small arms practice.

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ATION & NIGHTS

Things to Find in Washington

"Wash'n'tn, deed be givin' t' quit you all. Ise sorry, 't-Goo-by—Goo-by," said the dusky pantry queen who senator's family for years with more or less satisfaction. "You're not going to leave us?" inquired Mrs. Washington.

"Deed Ise got t' leave—goo-by—goo-by," returned Miranda. "Ise givin' t' wok in one ob dem ole stables fac'les—givin' t' git three dolars uh day an' git's mab' nights often all de time an' hah holidays are kin' go see de parades on dem natural holidays. An' Ab down haf t' wok on Sunday—no—more—goo-by."

"But look at the risk you are taking; look at the dangers of working with explosives," cautioned Mrs. Washington, entreating the cook to remain.

"Ipe'd taint no dangers, Mrs. Wash'n'tn, you jes' git's blowed up on in a while. De kitchen you jes' burn up and scalded an' dir you is; but in de mornin' fac'les you jes' git's exploded all t' pieces an' what is you? Ain't dat better?"

"Well, will you send me your sister, Blanches?"

"She bin' workin' three months in de 'osp'ital gittin' two dollars a day."

"How about your other sister, Rose?"

"Mah goodness, she's uh lady! She's runnin' de elevator in dat big department store on Connecticut avenue an' gittin' twelve dollars uh week. She don't do nothing but push in' it hanc', an' ride upstairs an' push in' it! I'm'n'te agin' say an' Wash'n'tn stop, please—red polite, like dat—an' den go downstairs agin' an' rend uh book all de rest ob de day. She ain' nevah goin' t' wok no more!"

This is not fiction; it is plain, serious fact that confronts the housekeepers in Washington. Servants are the hardest things in this city to find. The call to the factories and the government has depleted their ranks.

Capital Rapidly Becoming an Educational Center

UNLESS present signs fail, one important result of the war which will be of lasting duration will be the making of Washington the most influential publishing and educational center of the United States. This will fulfill one of George Washington's dreams of the capital city named in his honor.

The government printing office is the biggest printing plant in the world, but since America's entrance into the war the capacity of that plant has been largely overtaxed. The government has been required to let many printing contracts to private firms, in spite of the fact that the law prohibits such a practice except in case of absolute emergency. But the emergency has been absolute, because of the enormous volume of publishing work incident to the war which the government has felt called upon to do. New York and Boston have regarded themselves as the publishing center of the western hemisphere and of the two New York has held the lead. Now, however, government publications are being issued at such a tremendous rate that their prestige is jeopardized. In addition, many magazines are published here, and it is understood many more are to be published, some moving from other cities. Some two hundred periodicals are now being mailed from Washington.

So much scientific work now being done at Washington, or at least directed from the national capital, that Washington is gaining much prestige as a center of science and education. The George Washington university in this city was founded by George Washington and it was his dream to make the national capital a great seat of learning and education.

The Catholic University of America is at Washington, and Georgetown university, one of the oldest in the country, is also located here.

Miss Jeannette Rankin Has Her Day in the House

WHILE scores of women, some of whom reached the capitol before seven o'clock in the morning, were fighting with door tenders in a vain attempt to force their way into the house galleries the day of the vote on suffrage, a modest little woman, low voiced and rather timid, was sitting among 400 congressmen on the main floor of the house of representatives watching them do exactly what she wanted them to.

That woman was Jeannette Rankin of Montana, the only woman ever elected to congress. It was "her day." Several thousand men and women who filled the galleries of the house looked down on her, and all realized that here had been no small part in the victorious fight. The speaker rapped for order. Congressmen opposed to suffrage and those for it quivered over the time the resolution should be debated.

The main doors directly in front of the speaker swung open. Miss Rankin entered. A black stole was thrown over her left arm. She held a bunch of sweethearts roses, tied with yellow tulle, in her right hand. From force of habit she dropped into a seat in next to the last row.

She got up immediately and went to the big mahogany table half way down the floor. Members taking an active part in the passage of bills always sit there. Miss Rankin threw her bouquet carelessly on the table.

Montell of Wyoming, referred to by "Iow" Fordney of Michigan as the "Wyoming geyser," because he gushes so much in debate, leaned over the back of Miss Rankin's chair. He gave her a tip on how to get the resolution through. She smiled and nodded understandingly.

Chairman Baker of the suffrage committee left his place at the table. He had brought his committee clerk to the floor to handle his papers. It was the first time there ever had been a young woman clerk on the house floor. There will be more when suffrage is universal. She had on a black silk dress, white silk patch pockets, and collar of the same material with two sharp points in front.

Walsh of Massachusetts suggested that Baker allow Miss Rankin to open the arguments for suffrage. Baker was embarrassed, but agreed. Miss Rankin put her hand on the reading stand and looked at the speaker for recognition. She made a quiet speech for suffrage and was given close attention. She finished before her time expired and returned to her seat amid applause.

Government Clerks Likely to Get More Pay Soon

IT SEEMS as if the much-maligned government clerk is soon to come into his own. He has suffered for a long time on small wages. But now there are several bills in congress designed to help this financial situation. One of these measures, known as the Kenting bill, stipulates temporary salary increases for employees making \$2,500 or less. The increases graduate from 5 to 30 per cent.

Another measure, known as the Nolan bill, provides that no person who has been in the employ of the government for three years and who is twenty years old shall receive less than \$10 per day, \$90 per month, or \$1,080 per year.

Hearings are now going on before congressional committees upon these bills, and it seems likely that one, if not both, will pass congress. The scale of living has increased so much in Washington that it is declared necessary for the clerks to receive higher wages in order to get along.

Neither of the bills is regarded as ideal. The Kenting bill is only for temporary relief. In the case of the Nolan bill the clerks say that there are many in the ranks who, even though they receive more than \$3 per day, still need more money.

Even if both these bills pass congress there is a strong likelihood that still another bill carrying a complete reclassification of salaries will be drawn up and presented.

Planning for Next Season's Home Garden Crops

REALIZING that the capital city should set an example for the rest of the country to follow, Washington already is making plans to provide bumper home garden crops next season. Numerous organizations to stimulate interest

in home gardening have been formed, among the leaders being the Capital Garden club, the first in the city to take up the question of increasing the food supply by local cultivation.

The Capital Garden club started a campaign recently to raise \$3,000 to defray the expenses of a campaign of intensive education, and today the sum is almost in hand. Cash prizes will be awarded those having the best gardens and experts will be engaged to supervise the plots and assist in their cultivation. The department of agriculture is taking a keen interest in the home garden project and Washington's amateur farmers will have the advantage of the co-operation of the department's experts.

It is expected that the action of Clarence Wilson, food administrator for the District of Columbia, will be followed elsewhere. He has pledged his cooperation and assistance, expressing the belief that the increase of production is just as important as a saving of food. He believes excellent results could be accomplished all over the country if all other food administrators would make this a part of their duties.

At any rate, Washington intends to show the way in this important phase of war work and will blaze a trail that other cities will do well to follow.

THE GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE, GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

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"Deed Ie got t' leave—Goo-by—Goo-by," returned Miranda. "Ie gwine t' wok in one of dem mud-slings factories—gwine t' git three dollars uh day an' git's mud nights often but all de time an' mud holdings an' kha go see de parades on dem natural holidays. An' Ah don't haf t' wok on Sun-days—no—no—Goo-by."

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"Well, will you send me your sister, Blancheg?"

"She bin wokin' three months. In de hospital gittin' two dollars a day."

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"Mah goodness, she's uh lady! She's runnin' de elevator in dat big department house on Connecticut Avenue an' gittin' twelve dollars uh week. She don't do nothing but push up lif' hand, an' ride upstairs an' push up lif' hand again an' say 'Wash ya' stop, please,' red politi like dat—dey go down stairs again an' read uh book all de rest of de day. She ain't never goin' t' wok no more!"

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Another measure, known as the Nolin bill, provides that no person who has been in the employ of the government for three years and who is twenty years old shall receive less than \$3 per day, \$80 per month, or \$1,080 per year.

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The Wife of a King

A Metamorphosis of the Gold Country of the Far North

By JACK LONDON

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Once, when the Northland was very young, the social and civic virtues were remarkable alike for their purity and their simplicity. When the burden of domestic duties grew grievous, and the fireside mood expanded into a constant protest against its bleak loneliness, the adventurers from the Southland, in lieu of better, paid the stimulated prices and took unto themselves native wives. It was a foretaste of paradise to the women, for it must be confessed that the white rovers gave far better care and treatment to them than did their Indian co-partners. Of course, the white men themselves were satisfied with such deals, as were also the Indian men for that matter. Having sold their daughters and sisters for cotton blankets and obsolete rifles, and traded their warm furs for flimsy calico and bad whisky, the sons of the soil promptly and cheerfully surrendered to quick consumption and other swift diseases correlated with the blessings of a superior civilization.

It was in these days of Arcadian simplicity that Cal Galbraith journeyed through the land and fell sick on the Lower river. It was a refreshing advent in the lives of the good Sisters of the Holy Cross, who gave him shelter and medicine. Cal Galbraith became troubled with strange thoughts, which clamored for attention till he laid eyes on the Mission girl, Madeline. Yet he gave no sign bidding his time patiently. He strengthened with the coming spring, and when the sun rode the heavens in a golden circle, and the joy and thrill of life were in all the land, he gathered his still weak body together and departed.

Now Madeline, the Mission girl, was an orphan. Her white father had failed to give a half-bred grizzly the trail one day, and had died quickly. Then her Indian mother, having no man to fill the winter niche, had tried the hazardous experiment of waiting till the salmon run on fifty pounds of flour and half as many of bacon. After that the baby, Chook-oo, went to live with the good sisters, and to be therefore known by another name.

But Madeline still had kinsfolk, the nearest being a dissolute uncle who outraged her vitals with inordinate quantities of the white man's whisky. He strode daily with the gods, and incidentally his feet sought shorter trails to the grave. When sober he suffered exquisite torture. He had no conscience. To this ancient vagabond Cal Galbraith duly presented himself, and they consumed many words and much tobacco in the conversation that followed. Promises were also made; and in the end the old heathen took a few pounds of dried salmon and his birch-bark canoe, and paddled away to the Mission of the Holy Cross.

It is not given the world to know what promises he made and what lies he told—the sisters never gossip; but when he returned, upon his swarthy chest there was a brass emblem! and in his canoe his niece Madeline. That night there was a grand wedding and a potluck; so that for two days to follow there was no fishing done by the village. But in the morning Madeline shook the dust of the Lower river from her moccasins, and with her husband, in a poling boat, went to live on the Upper river in a place known as the Lower Country. And in the years which followed she was a good wife, sharing her husband's hardships and cooking his food. And she kept him in straight trails, till he learned to say his dust and to work mightily. In the end, he struck it rich, and built a cabin in Circle City; and his happiness was such that men who came to visit him in his home were become restless at the sight of it and envied him greatly.

But the Northland began to mature, and social amenities to make their appearance. Hitherto, the Southland had sent forth its sons; but it now beached forth a new exodus, this time of its daughters. They did not fail to put new ideas in the heads of the men, and to elevate the tone of things in ways peculiarly their own. No more did the squaws gather at the dances, go rounding down the center in the good, old Virginia reels, or make merry with jolly "Dance Stoker." They fell back on their native stoolism, and uncomplainingly watched the rule of their white sisters from the cabin.

Then another exodus came over the mountains from the prolific Southland. This time it was of women that became mighty in the land. They frown upon the Indian wives, while the other women became natty and waltzed humbly. There were cowards who became ashamed of their ancient co-wives, with the daughters of the soil, who looked with a new distrust upon their dark-skinned children; but there were also others—men—who remained true and proud of their aboriginal ways. When it became the fashion to divorce the native wives, Cal Galbraith retained his manhood, and in so doing felt the heavy hand of the women who had come back, keenest, but who ruled the land.

One day, the Upper Country, which lies far above Circle City, was pronounced rich. Dog teams carried the news to Salt Water; golden argosies freighted the lake across the North Pacific; wires and cables sang with the tidings; and the world heard for the first time of the Klondike river and the Yukon country.

Cal Galbraith had lived the years quietly. He had then been a good husband to Madeline, and she had blessed

Recently he had a hard five minutes with a Yankee subject, and he decided that certain traits of the Scot are developing in these United States. The photographer piped the man of the sea rolling along the street and besought him to have his picture taken, assuring him that the long ones at home are not to be forgotten and that these days a striking pictorial memento is of especial value. The seaman, just off his vessel, stopped. He was a very grouch man, but one likely to have funds, somehow, and so the photog-

rapher was at great pains to get him suitably posed and ready for the permanent record of his afternoon appearance. The last detail had been arranged and the seaman was standing flatly and determinedly against a fence when the camera man started to press the bulb. "Wait," said the subject, getting out of pose. "I'll be here for a week and I'll see you again for a picture." "Well, why not now?" "Cause," answered the economical seaman, "I got a chaw of tobacco in the face today. I'll be along again toward the end

of the week—some day when I ain't got a chaw in my mouth."

English Women Baking Own Bread.

In an article called "Voluntary Rationality" in *Woman's Home Companion*, a writer says:

"Bakers are forbidden to deliver bread before it is twelve hours old. This, in itself, has helped the saving of wheat very materially, as people do not fancy stale bread. And the housewife, in her own home baking, has learned this valuable lesson also.

She puts her freshly baked bread away to stale for 12 or 24 hours. For many years English baker's bread has been so good and so cheap that it has formed a large part of the daily menu. But government regulation baker's bread is, for the most part, so unpalatable that women have become home bakers. They mix the standard flour with other meats and produce a bread which is far more palatable, at less expense, and still comes within the rations. The supply of flour being so limited, pastries and

cookies have become rarities in stores and restaurants, and luxuries in homes."

Potash From Dust.

It has been discovered that large quantities of the dust that accumulates in certain portions of the apparatus used in making pig iron from iron ore—that is, in the blast furnaces—contains appreciable quantities of potash. The amount found depends on the kind of ore used in the blast furnace charge.

TAL BIG
Yes, Its "Come to This" on

NEW YORK.—"So, it's come to this!" ejaculated

he front, and I suppose the rest must go, too."

Margaret O'Leary

manded sympathy for this new empire York Railroad company brothers to France. "Edo" was not much time to be told.

"Move on there"—this from

O'Leary to a stationary gentleman who was determinedly blocking the doorway.

"All right, Mrs. Shantz; I'm mov-

ing." "No," she answered his sally,

and some \$50 in fares in one day it is all you can do to attend strictly to business.

Yes, Miss O'Leary is a car conductor. You may meet her almost any day,

or any of her 30-odd comrades, anywhere between One Hundred and Twea-

thousandth street and South Ferry.

"Sounds daring, doesn't it, this taking on of men's jobs? A romantic way

of doing one's bit?" Miss O'Leary, however, seemed not to see it in that light.

Judge Drives a Coal Truck and Gets a Ten-Cent Tip

NEW YORK.—The identity of the most highly polished coal truck driver East

Orange ever knew came to light the other day. He was none other than Police Judge Francis A. Nott of that place, who also is a well-known lawyer in Newark and Orange. In the course of his experiences the Judge received the same advice he often had given many others—leave the old Demon Run alone.

The city coal administration succeeded in obtaining several hundred tons of the valuable mine product, which was to be sold in quarter-lots—the poorer citizens to have the preference. It had been delivered in the city's yards, but shortly before noon it was discovered that there were no drivers on hand. When the search was begun for them Judge Nott heard of it and volunteered, as did also several members of the Home Defense league. The Judge donned an old suit and started out on his labors. Half an hour later he had delivered his first load and his troubles began. He had called at the home of an exceedingly poor woman with a small quantity. She did not have the money, hand, but told him to dump it in the kitchen while she went to a neighbor. When she returned, he gasped at the coal pile and exclaimed:

"You've dumped it in the parlor."

The judge was somewhat more fortunate on his second visit. He had driven with a quarter of a ton some distance from the city yard and succeeded so well in placing it bucket by bucket in the coal bin that the happy housewife tipped him ten cents. The Judge said she looked at him as if she knew him, but is sure now that she didn't, because as he was leaving, she remarked:

"For land's sake, don't spend it for drink!"

When the jurist driver had finished his day's labors his face resembled that of a coal passer. He was driving his cart into the yard when two others had come in front of him and he blocked the public service trolley track. The motor-man alighted and said nothing to the judge that do not belong in the vocabulary of any home-loving man. He finally was arrested and later was arraigned before the judge:

"Why, you see, your honor," he began, "a blake——"

At this point the judge looked up and the motorman's face changed.

"I know just what you were going to say," he put in. "I'll discharge you this time, but after this always take that kind of talk to the car barns with you. You'll find lots of men there who'll give you a receipt for it."

Warm-Hearted J. Rooney Ordered Coal and Got Ice

NEW YORK.—If it were not for the warm heart and hot head of John Rooney

there would have been less noise than usual in the vicinity of the Yorkville

heart and warmth were stirred with sympathy and indignation, respectively, and persons for blocks around heard the entire details without leaving their heatless hearths. The cause of the ruckus was that an unspeakable coal company tried to deliver a ton of ice to Mr. Rooney when he ordered coal. Furthermore, they indulged in an argument.

Early one morning one of the sweepers at the courthouse threw down his broom and had a good hard cry. Mr. Rooney approached him, seeking the scent of hard liquor, but was assured by the sweeper that his grief was of the most sober type, and that he had been driven to tears at the thought of his heatless home and the discomfort therein. He recited vivid details, and Mr. Rooney assured him that he would have a ton of coal, even though it were the last one in the metropolitan district. He called a coal firm, and gave to them the number of the sweeper's town house.

One hour later a driver with a cauliflower ear and one beautifully blackened eye howled through the basement of the courthouse that the ice had arrived. Mr. Rooney came forth and asked the decorated chariot just what was on his mind, and was informed that there stood without one ton of ice as per order of one John Rooney.

"I ordered coal!" roared Mr. Rooney.

"You lie!" said the driver, who, despite his appearance, had not had trouble enough.

"Ah, I wanted it somwhere else," added Mr. Rooney.

"Very 'er you not," said the gentleman driver, "an' if yeh come out here I'll slap 'er yonder, y' hooch! Whaddya think I am, anyway?"

So Mr. Rooney went back to the soiling sweeper and told him to shut up.

Los Angeles Is German Spy Center of West Coast

LOS ANGELES.—Los Angeles is the gateway of the entire West for the paid

agents and the L. W. W. leaders. The two classes work hand in hand. Los Angeles is the spy center of the Pacific coast, and the regular clearing

FALSTAFF AND IAGO COMMENT

Variance of Comic and Tragic Environment Reason They Affect Us Differently, Says Writer.

Falstaff and Iago are Shakespeare's two great studies in materialism," writes Tucker Brooke in the Yale Review, in commenting on two Shakespearian characters. Mentally and morally, they are counterparts. That they affect us so differently is due to the difference between the comic and the tragic environment. Still more it is due to difference in age. Falstaff, with his fond of arms and flesh, is a stout, jolly fellow. Iago, with his keen, sharp, and subtle mind, is a sly, calculating, considerate weight of man that had been placed as to the outcome. Everybody watched with breathless interest. Harrington's blue eyes were steady, but under the overhanging tablecloth the latest in sixpences balanced on his knees. Madeline looked up, casually, with little interest.

"May—May I have the next round dance with you?" the king stammered. The wife of the king glanced at her card and inclined her head.

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Where Women Are Really Silent.

Elderly emigresses in banks and government offices complain that the girl clerk gossips too much and exploits half her afternoons making idle talk. The grubstake is probably quite unjustified. Anyhow, it is an ancient musical game. The old inn sign, "The Silent Woman," always shows the lady either headless or with her head under her arm. There is, however, one place in the world where women keep their heads on their shoulders and never talk—least of all, to men. In the little Greek island of Epano, one of the Othello group to the northwest of Corfu, supposed by some to be the island of the seductive Calypso, it is the custom for the young men to marry the girls of their choice, and after a brief honeymoon proceed to America to accumulate some capital, generally as waiters, during the years of absence the young wives never talk to other men. To support this self-denying ordinance, elderly women watch over them, and if strange men approach they are discouraged by showers of stones. —Duke of Falstaff when he, too, was twenty-eight and 'not an eagle's talon in the waist."

Monarch Has High Title.

The ruler of Turkey is not the only sovereign who claims to be divine. The Emperor of Abyssinia enjoys the distinction of being, among other things, the "king of kings, whom all must obey, as he is the cause of preservation of all animals, the registrator of the seasons, the absolute master of the sun and moon, the brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas." One cannot help wondering what a monarch who has such absolute control of the weather could possibly have even for a single umbrella, to say nothing of his liberal allowance of 24. The royal umbrellas are symbolic of his dignity.

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"Were they preying on unsuspecting males?" Judge Anderson asked Assistant District Attorney Mangus.

"Yes," Mr. Mangus said, who then told the court the scheme the Potters lived in a ramshackle house on the edge of Vincennes.

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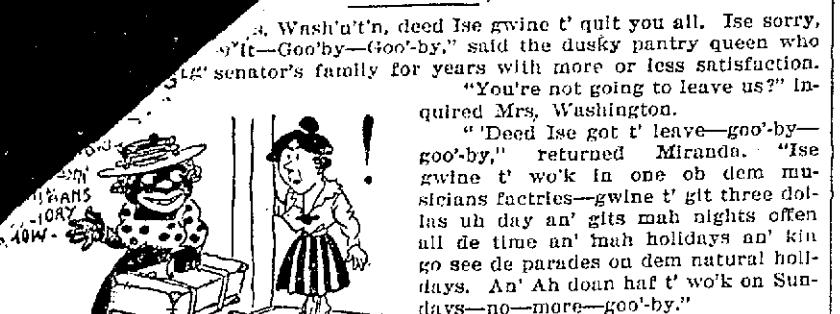
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VISION & LIGHTS

Things to Find in Washington



"Wash'dn't, deed Ie gwine t' quit you all. Ise sorry, 't-Goo-by-Goo-by,' said the dusky pantry queen who senator's family for Years with more or less satisfaction. 'You're not going to leave us?' inquired Mrs. Washington.

"Deed Ie gwine t' leave—goo-by—goo-by," returned Miranda. "Ise gwine t' wok in one ob dem muscians factories—gwine t' git three dollars us day an' git mab nights off till de time an' high holidays an' kin go see de parades on dem natural holidays. An' Aah down haf t' wok on Sun-days—no—more—goo-by."

"But look at the risk you are taking; look at the dangers of working with explosives," cautioned Mrs. Washington, entreating the cook to remain.

"Deed taln no dangers, Mrs. Wash'dn't, you jes gits blowed up onct in a while. In de kitchen you gits burnt up and scalded an' dar you is; but in de muscians factories you jes gits exploded all t' pieces an' whar is you? Ain't dat better?"

"Well, will you send me your sister, Blanches?"

"She bin wokin three months in de 'spital gittin' two dollars a day."

"How about your other sister, Itse?"

"Mab goodness, she's uh lady! She's runnin' de elevator in dat big department house on Connecticut avenue an' gittin' twelve dollars uh week. She don't do nothing but push up 't han'to, an' ride upstairs an' push up 't han'to again an' say 'Wash' ya stop, please—real polite, like dat—an' git down downstairs again an' read uh book all de res' ob de day. She ain't never goin' t' wok no more."

This is not fiction; it is plain, serious fact that confronts the housekeepers in Washington. Servants are the hardest things in this city to find. The call to the factories and the government has depleted their ranks.

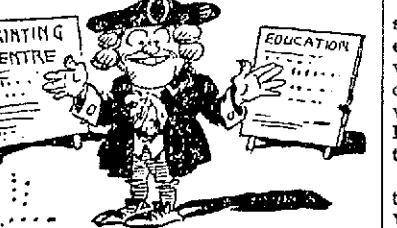
Capital Rapidly Becoming an Educational Center

UNLESS present signs fail, one important result of the war which will be of lasting duration will be the making of Washington the most influential publishing and educational center of the United States. This will fulfill one of George Washington's dreams of the capital city named in his honor.

The government printing office is the biggest printing plant in the world, but since America's entrance into the war the capacity of that plant has been hugely overtaxed. The government has been required to let many printing contracts to private firms, in spite of the fact that the law prohibits such a practice except in case of absolute emergency. But the emergency has been absolute, because of the enormous volume of publishing work incident to the war which the government has felt called upon to do. New York and Boston have regarded themselves as the publishing center of the western hemisphere and of the two New York has held the lead. Now, however, government publications are being issued at such a tremendous rate that their prestige is jeopardized. In addition, many magazines are published here, and it is understood many more are to be published, some moving from other cities. Some two hundred periodical publications are now being issued from Washington.

So much valuable work now is being done at Washington, or at least directed from the national capital, that Washington is gaining much prestige as a center of science and education. The George Washington university in this city was founded by George Washington and it was his dream to make the national capital a great seat of learning and education.

The Catholic University of America is at Washington, and Georgetown university, one of the oldest in the country, is also located here.



Miss Jeannette Rankin Has Her Day in the House

WHILE scores of women, some of whom reached the capitol before seven o'clock in the morning, were fighting with door tenders in a vain attempt to force their way into the house galleries the day of the vote on suffrage, a modest little woman, low voiced and rather timid, was sitting among 400 congressmen on the main floor of the house of representatives watching them do exactly what she wanted to do.

That woman was Jeannette Rankin of Montana, the only woman ever elected to congress. It was "her day." Several thousand men and women who filled the galleries of the house looked down on her, and all realized that hers had been no small part in the history which it fell as workmen at

the acropolis is the tower of Ivan the Great, 322 feet high and crowned by a gilt dome.

The "King of Bells."

It contains 34 bells, and at its foot

rests the "King of Bells," the Czar Kolokol, 60 feet in circumference at its rim and 19 feet high, which for more than a century remained buried in the earth where it fell as workmen at

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In the Kremlin are grouped some of the most beautiful buildings of Russia.

Within its walls may be read the architectural history of the nation, but perhaps the most interesting of the sights of the acropolis is the tower of Ivan the Great, 322 feet high and crowned by a gilt dome.

The Kremlin is almost triangular in shape, and is surrounded by a high earthen wall, a mile and a half long, which has stood for centuries. It is one of the five divisions of the city which still retain their palisades. The Kremlin's wall is surmounted by 18 towers and pierced by five gates.

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GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE

Thursday, May 2, 1918

—Published by—
W. A. DRUMB & A. B. SUTOR

Entered at the post office at Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, as second class mail matter.

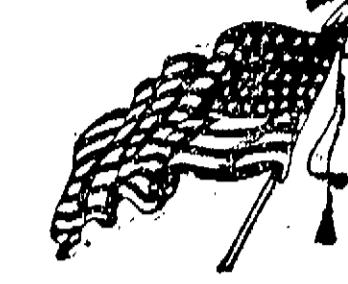
Subscription Price
Per Year \$1.50
Six Months 75
Three Months 40
Payable in Advance

Published every Thursday at Grand
Rapids, Wood County, Wisconsin
Telephone Number 324

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Wisconsin Patriotic Press Association
and pledges its uncompromising loyalty
to our government in this war.



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GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

EVERY ITEM NEWS FOR SOMEBODY

Community Events of the Past Week from Various Parts of the County

Along the Seneca Road

Wm. Putzler, one of the old resi-
dents of this neighborhood died at
his home last Sunday morning of
the cancer of the stomach, after a
prolonged illness. The funeral was held
Tuesday afternoon at the Sigel

church. Mr. Putzler was a man of
considerable ability, having received
a liberal education in the universities
of the old country, and served the
town of Seneca in various offices dur-
ing his residence here. He leaves a
wife and several grown children.

The patronage on this section of
the Trunk Line began work on Tues-
day last, so we may expect good
roads from now on.

Mrs. A. A. Szczekaz made a trip to
Winnebago last week to see her son
Peter, who is there for treatment.
The report of his condition is not so
favorable as his friends would like to
hear.

Robt. Holmes who has been living
for some time on the Marckoff farm,
has moved to the Brazeau farm south
of Neponsa.

Mrs. J. B. Ostermeyer returned
Saturday from Portland, Oregon,
where she has been for nearly two
months caring for her mother, Mrs.
Graham. While Mrs. Graham's con-
dition is much improved, she was
hardly able to make the return trip
until later in the season.

The Council of Defense held a meeting
at the Jackson school last Thursday evening
under the direction of Mrs. M. H. Jackson
of Grand Rapids. The prize essays
written by the 8th grade pupils on
the subject of the Liberty Loan were
read and several patriotic selections
were rendered by the school.

The Seneca Male Quartet consisting of
M. Stelmes, F. W. Jones, D. W. Oster-
meyer and L. F. Jones, also sang
songs appropriate to the occasion.

The speaker of the evening, Prof.
Crossland, of the Grand Rapids high
school, was enthusiastically received,
and gave one of the best patriotic
speeches heard here.

The people here, who can read
English or in any other language,
heard him hope he will come again.

TEN MILE CREEK

The Sawing Circle met with Mrs.
John T. Berger last week. A good at-
tendance is reported.

A. W. Clark from Grand Rapids
gave us a long talk Wednesday evening
of last week. He will be out again at
the Bell school house on Friday evening.

James Wescorick of Pond du Lac
came last week for a short visit with
his parents.

The Third Liberty Loan committee
did their work up in short order last
week and were over the top. It does
not take Sherry long to do her part.

Miss Royce, one of the grade teach-
ers, was unable to return to her
duties Monday on account of illness.
Miss Ida Sherry, who teaches at
Saratoga, was ill last week, and is still
at the Thordson home, while the
place she occupies is quarantined
on account of scarlet fever.

C. D. McLaughlin of Ten Mile
Creek last week for two days visiting
the dentist. John Ily was also in the
Point, both returning Saturday.

Thomas Evans and sister Miss Jen-
nie came from Wausau Saturday
night to spend a short time with their
brother, R. O. Evans. Mike Moran
and two sons also came with them.

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Paul Zernickel from the Methodist
church last Friday evening. All en-
joyed the plays and patriotic songs.

Now here are disclosed a series of
surounding facts that almost sound
like a fable. The boys of the Signal
Corps in their tents in the snow
are the best of the best. It would
take a double line of intervals
of one-half mile to a day to march past
the White House at the rate of twenty-
five miles a day. It would take two
months for them to pass. Over fifty
per cent are white persons and
of these 1,500,000 are native born
whites, or ten per cent of our country-
folk cannot read or write a word.

"They cannot read a bulletin on
agriculture, a farm paper, a food
pledge card, a Liberty Loan appeal,
a newspaper, the Constitution of the
United States, or their Bibles, nor
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The Wife of a King

A Metamorphosis of the Gold Country of the Far North

By JACK LONDON

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ONCE, when the Northland was very young, the social and civic virtues were remarkable alike for their purity and their simplicity. When the burden of domestic duties grew grievous, and the fleshy mood expanded to a constant protest against its bleak loneliness, the adventures from the Southland, in lieu of better, paid the stipulated prices and took unto themselves native wives. It was a paradise of paradise to the women, for it must be confessed that the white savages gave far better care and treatment to them than did their Indian co-partners. Of course, the white men themselves were satisfied with such deals, as were also the Indian men for that matter. Having sold their daughters and sisters for cotton blankets and obsolete rifles, and traded their warm furs for flimsy calico and bad whisky, the sons of the soil promptly and cheerfully succumbed to quick consumption and other swift diseases correlated with the blessings of a superior civilization.

It was in these days of Arcadian simplicity that Cal Galbraith journeyed through the land and fell sick on the Lower river. It was a refreshing advent in the lives of the good Sisters of the Holy Cross, who gave him shelter and medicine. Cal Galbraith became troubled with strange thoughts, which clung to him for attention till he laid eyes on the Mission girl, Madeline. Yet he gave no sign, blinding his eyes patiently. He strengthened with the coming spring, and when the sun rode the heavens in a golden circle, and the joy and throb of life were in all the land, he gathered his still weak body together and departed.

Now Madeline, the mission girl, was an orphan. Her white father had failed to give a half-breed grubty the trail one day, and had died quickly. Then her Indian mother, having no man to fill the white cache, had tried the hazardous experiment of waiting till the salmon run on fifty pounds of flour and as many of bacon. After the baby, Chook-ru, went to live with the good sisters, and to be thenceforth known by another name, But Madeline still had kinsfolk, the nearest being a dissolute uncle who outraged his vitality with inordinate quantities of the white man's whisky. He strove daily to wring the gods, and incidentally his feet sought shorter trails to the grave. When some he suffered exquisite torture, he had no conscience. To this acent vagabond Cal Galbraith duly presented himself, and they consumed many words and much tobacco in the conversation that followed. Promises were also made; and in the end the old heathen took a few pounds of dried salmon and his birch-bark canoe, and paddled away to the Mission of the Holy Cross.

It is not given the world to know what promises he made and what lies he told—the sisters never gossip; but when he returned, upon his swarthy chest there was a brass crucifix; and in his canoe his niece Madeline. That night there was a grand wedding and a potluck; so that for two days to follow there was no fishing done by the village. But in the morning Madeline shook the dust of the Lower river from her moccasins, and with her husband, in a poling boat, went to live on the Upper river in a place known as the Lower Country. And in the years which followed she was a good wife, sharing her husband's hardships and cooking his food. And she kept him in straight trails, till he learned to save his dust and to work mightily. In the end, he struck it rich, and built a cabin in Circle City; and his happiness was such that men who came to visit him in his home circle became restless at the sight of it and envied him greatly.

But the Northland began to mature, and social ambitions to make their appearance. Hitherto, the Southland had sent forth its sons; but it now belched forth a new exodus, this time of its daughters. They did not fail to put new ideals in the heads of the men, and to elevate the tone of things in ways peculiarly their own. No more did the squires gather at the dances, go rousing down the center in the good, old Virginia reels, or make merry with jolly "Din' Tucker." They fell back on their native stoolism, and uncomplainingly watched the rule of their white sisters from the cabin.

Then another exodus came over the mountains from the prairie Southland. This time it was of women that became mighty in the land. They frown upon the Indian wives, while the other women became mild and walked humbly. There were cowards who became ashamed of their ancient covenants with the daughters of the soil, who looked with a new distaste upon their dark-skinned children; but there were also others—men—who remained true and proud of their aboriginal ways. When it became the fashion to divorce the native wives, Cal Galbraith retained his manhood, and in so doing felt the heavy hand of the women who had come last, knew least, but who ruled the land.

One day, the Upper City, which lies far above Circle City, was pronounced rich. Dog teams carried the news to Salt Water; golden argosies freighted the lure across the North Pacific; wires and cables sang with the tidings; and the world heard for the first time of the Klondike river and the Yukon country.

Cal Galbraith had lived the years quietly. He had then been a good husband to Madeline, and she had blessed

away on his violin and following the dances.

It was a unique situation, the undertaking of these three men with the women. The most pathetic part, perhaps, was the businesslike way in which they went about it. No athlete was ever trained more rigidly for a coming contest, nor wolf dog for the harness, than was she. But they had good material, for Madeline, unlike most women of her race, in her childhood had escaped the carrying of heavy burdens and the toll of the trail. Besides, she was a clean-limbed, wily creature, possessed of much grace which had not hitherto been realized. It was this grace which the men strove to bring out and knock into shape.

At the next intermission Prince discovered a new predestination.

"I say, Kid," he said, "we're wrong, all wrong. She can't learn in months. Put her foot into slippers, and then on to that wavy floor—phew!"

Madeline raised a tont and regarded her shapeless house moccasin dubiously.

In previous winters, both at Circle City and Forty Mile, she had danced many a night away with similar footgear, and there had been nothing the matter. But now—well, if there was anything wrong it was for Madeline Kid to know, not her.

"When do you expect to go back to Circle City?" Madeline Kid asked simply.

"Haven't thought much about it," he replied. "Don't think till the ice breaks."

"And Madeline?"

He flushed at the question, and there was a quick drop to his eyes. Madeline Kid could have despised him for that, had he known men less.

"I guess she's all right," the Circle City King answered huskily, and in an apologetic manner. "Tom Dixon" got charge of my interests, you know, and he sees to it that she has everything she wants."

Madeline Kid laid hand upon his arm and hushed him suddenly. They had stepped without. Overhead, the moon, a gorgeous wanton, haunted miles of color; beneath lay the sleeping town. Far below, a solitary dog gave tongue. The king again softly.

"Is she an English girl?" interrupted Madeline Kid, with an English foot.

On his return, Madeline withdrew

for a moment to the inner room. When she reappeared Prince was startled.

"By Jove!" he gasped. "What's this? The little witch! Why, my sister!"

"I'm an English girl," interrupted Madeline Kid, with an English foot.

Madeline waited—waited through

all the three months of daylight. She fed the dogs, gave much of her time to young Cal, watched the short summer fade away and the sun begin its long journey to the south. And she prayed much in the manner of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The fall came, and with it there was much for her to do. She was a good wife, and when the sun rode the heavens in a golden circle, and the joy and throb of life were in all the land, she gathered his still weak body together and departed.

Through all the ages man has been held the chief instigator of the woes of woman; but in this case the man held their tongues and swore harshly at one of their number who was away, with the women failed utterly to entitle them. So, without needless delay, Madeline heard strange tales of Cal Galbraith's doings; also of a certain Greek dancer who played with men as children did with bubbles. Now Madeline was an Indian woman, and further, she had no woman friend to whom to go for wise counsel. She prayed and planned by turns, and that night, being quick of resolve and action, harnessed the dogs, and with stone Cal securely lashed to the sled, stole away.

Though the Yukon still ran free, the eddy ice was growing, and each day saw the river dwindling to a silvery thread. Save him who has done the like, no man may know what she endured in traveling a hundred miles on the rim ice; nor may he understand the toll and hardship of breaking the two hundred miles of packed ice which remained after the river froze for good. But Madeline was an Indian woman, so she did these things, and one night there came a knock at Madeline Kid's door. There he fed a team of starving dogs, put a healthy youngster to bed, and turned his attention to an exhausted woman. He removed her ice-bound moccasin while he listened to her tale, and stuck the point of his knife into her feet that he might see how far they were frozen.

Despite his tremendous vitality, Madeline Kid was possessed of a soft, womanly element, which could win the confidence of a snarling wolf or drag confesses from the most wintry heart. Nor did he see them, tears opened to him as spontaneously as flowers to the sun. Even the priest, Father Reuben, had been known to confess to him, while the men and women of the Northland were ever knocking at his door, a door from which the hatching hung always out. To Madeline, he could do no wrong, make no mistake. She had known him from the day she first cast her lot among the people of her father's race; and to her half-heathen mind it seemed that in him was his vision and the future there could not be.

There were false ideals in the land.

The social strictures of Dawson were not synonymous with those of the previous era, and the swift maturity of the Northland involved much wrong. Madeline Kid was aware of this, and he had Cal Galbraith's measure accurately. He knew a hasty word was but the father of much evil; besides, he was minded to teach a great lesson and bring shame upon the man. So Stanley Prince, the young mining expert, was called into the conference the following night, as was also Luey Jack Harrington and his violin. That night there was a grand wedding and a potluck; so that for two days to follow there was no fishing done by the village. But in the morning Madeline shook the dust of the Lower river from her moccasins, and with her husband, in a poling boat, went to live on the Upper river in a place known as the Lower Country. And in the years which followed she was a good wife, sharing her husband's hardships and cooking his food. And she kept him in straight trails, till he learned to save his dust and to work mightily. In the end, he struck it rich, and built a cabin in Circle City; and his happiness was such that men who came to visit him in his home circle became restless at the sight of it and envied him greatly.

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Try this recipe for Crullers and Doughnuts—
you can help save the Nation's fats when
you use Mazola for deep frying

MAZOLA

Mazola is a vegetable oil—pressed from corn.
It is the ideal medium for deep frying, sautéing, or
shortening, because it is not only economical—it gives
such splendid quality.

Crullers and Doughnuts

1/2 cup bread flour 2 eggs
1 cup Mazola 2 teaspoons salt and ginger
1 cup warm milk 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg and cinnamon
2 tablespoons Mazola 1/2 cup 2 teaspoons baking soda
Sift all dry ingredients together, add 2 tins. Beat eggs, add milk,
and mix well. Add Mazola, stir well. Drop by spoonfuls on floured
board, roll in powdered sugar, dip in egg and sugar, and let stand a few minutes to rise.
Cut and fry in hot Mazola.

Get Mazola from your grocer in pint, quart, half-gallon or gallon tins. And ask for the free Mazola Book of Recipes, or write us direct.

Your money refunded if Mazola does not give entire satisfaction.

**Corn Products Refining
Company**

17 Battery Place,
New York

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Company
288 E. Water Street
Milwaukee, Wis.



FOOD

Will Win This War

Grow It In Your Garden

To make your Garden most productive you must use reliable Seeds.

Our Garden and Field Seeds has shown their reliability for more than thirty years.

We have everything in Garden Tools from a 25 cent Child's Set to a Planet Junior Hand Seeder and Cultivator.

We also keep the Swift Garden Fertilizer.

Nash Hardware Co.

"Over the Top" with that New Building

THE logical time to go "over the top" is when everything is in your favor. Therefore, it's time to BUILD NOW—and, of course, you'll BUILD OF WOOD. You've never had such an opportunity as you have now to buy Lumber at "rock bottom" prices—you may never again have the chance to make your crops buy TWICE as much lumber as they did before.

The same amount of grain that built a modest cottage in 1914 will buy a cozy bungalow this year. The same number of hogs that built a small, inadequate barn in 1914 will give you a really practical building now. The same number of cattle sold in 1914 to buy that implement shop will now bring you an implement shed, a poultry house, and a garage! Why?

Because Lumber has not advanced in price in anywhere near the same proportion as other commodities—other than building materials included.

Get "over the top" with your buildings when everything is in your favor.

Build of Wood and Build Right Now

We are Headquarters for Better Building Material

KELLOGG BROS. LUMBER CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.



Now

Uncle Sam Is Ready

His troops are in action—gaining momentum every day.

With the billions subscribed to the First and Second Liberty Loans we have put our men "across." We'll put the Third Loan "over" with a bang that will hearten our boys and wake up Kaiser Bill.

We'll sign up a billion "V's" for VICTORY—put a great big "L" in LIBERTY—show 'em there's plenty more where THAT came from!

Bring in YOUR "V" and sign up here—for your share in the final Victory.

BANK OF GRAND RAPIDS

West Side

IT RAINED THE NIGHT BEFORE

The reason that Napoleon met defeat at Waterloo was not because his soldiers did not dare to die and do; but all his guns stuck in the mire, they wouldn't move no more, and simply for the reason that it rained the night before.

But the tragedy superverative that I will now relate.

It happened not in Europe, but in the Badger State; And the times that it has happened I could name them by the score.

And the reason it was simply that it rained the night before.

The capital invested in the cars the people own is Eighty Million Dollars—and their history has shown:—

They are used for work and pleasure, and for purposes galore—but they aren't worth a nickel the night before.

Just take for example your own last county fair.

When Twenty Thousand people all had planned to motor there; The day was bright with sunshine, but the roads were muddied o'er—

So all the people stayed at home for it rained the night before.

The directors were distracted, for the gate receipts were small;

The fair turned out a fizzle, and its prestige took a full;

And all this big disaster that nothing can restore.

Was wholly for the reason that it rained the night before.

The reason that Wisconsin has so many Waterloo's.

And the autos all are useless and their owners have the blues:

is because the roads are rotten, and of this you may be sure—

It was mostly for the reason that it rained the night before.

Since the State Aid plan was started, some few stretches have been laid.

Like islands in the ocean—all trimmed to proper grade;

But the seas of mud between them emphasize all the more—

How ALL the roads are useless if it rains the night before.

But the people are awaking, and the people now have planned to make Wisconsin's highways the finest in the land;

Then when they're all completed, it can rain and it can pour—but it won't make any difference if it rains the night before.

First Moravian Church

Rev Theodore Reinke will preach on Sunday morning, the pastor being absent attending a trustee meeting of the Moravian college and theological seminary at Bethlehem, Pa. There will be English service in the evening. The members are invited to attend the service at the Scandinavian Moravian church at 7:30 p. m.

A young woman, born and raised in Germany, came to America, just before the great war broke out. She had worked for several years in Germany for a well-to-do doctor at \$12 a year and maintenance. On reaching the United States, through the financial assistance of a sister who had preceded her here, she secured a position as a domestic, and since then has deposited in a bank. She had an excellent home, has accompanied her employer on extended travel trips and had many comforts she never enjoyed in her native land. One of her brothers, a soldier in the German army, gave up his life during the first few weeks of the war. Of her parents, who still live in Germany, she has heard nothing for nearly a year. While her heart bleeds for her relatives and friends across the sea, she has no delusion as to who caused the present world calamity. Her one great hope is that her parents may be alive when the war ends and can leave forever the Kaiser's land to make their home in the United States. That young woman is at present a resident of Stevens Point.—Stevens Point Gazette.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mai, who are located at Carey, Mississippi, where Mr. Mai was born, came to the Arpin Co., were in the city several days the past week, having been called to Milwaukee by the serious illness of Mrs. Mai's mother.

Merrill Horrell, Mrs. Adell Juncosa Lemay, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Grand Rapids, who was staying at the John Golan home in this city, was taken sick while a guest at the Godfrey Talbot home, third street. A physician, who was called in on the case, diagnosed same as smallpox and, as a result, the Talbot home is now under quarantine.

Farmers having their farms named

can find no better means of giving them publicity than thru the method of properly printed stationery. The Tribune Job Department is equipped to do high grade work at reasonable prices. Remember printed envelopes and paper will not cost you much more than plain material, and we take orders from 100 up.

LOCAL ITEMS

Mrs. Joe Staub has returned from a two weeks visit in Canada.

Mrs. N. Reiland has been quite ill the past week with pleurisy.

Guy Miller has purchased the N. Roemer home on Eighth street.

Ernest Oberbeck of Chicago spent several days in the city on business.

C. A. Norrington transacted business in Milwaukee several days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Chantos have rented the home of Mrs. Ed Mahoney on First street.

Alfred Bates departed on Monday evening for Rockford, Illinois, to join the army.

John Lundgren of the town of Rudolph favored the Tribune office with a pleasant call Monday while in the city on business.

John Worlund and son Bror leave today for Stark's, near Rhinelander, where they will be employed on the big Stark's potato farm during the summer.

Will Pribanov departed the first of the week for Hannibal to look after the interests of the MacKinnon Mfg. Co. who have a hub mill at that point.

Messrs. Charles Natwick, Orestes Garrison, Drs. Carl Bandelin and E. J. Clark and Sam Church departed this morning for Echo to fish trout for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Blaine have returned to their home in Plainfield after a visit at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Matilda Karberg, for a week, returned to Beloit on Monday.

Mrs. Hinterheuer, who makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Itigan, had the misfortune to slip and fall, badly wrenching her right ankle. Mrs. Hinterheuer is 82 years of age and the injury has confined her to bed.

Mrs. Maud Robbins of Rudolph was in the city on Thursday looking after some business matters. Mrs. Robbins expects to leave this week for Chicago where she will take instruction on the linotype with the intention of becoming an operator.

Joe Arnold has moved his barber shop into the Staub building next to the Daily Drug store. The building has been entirely remodeled and a new front put in, and while there is not a great deal of room, it is a neat place and handy to the center of town.

George Hill, Jr., who made several attempts to get into the United States army, but was unsuccessful on account of there being a defect in his eyesight, recently went to Canada where he succeeded in joining the Canadian army, being assigned to the tank corps.

Mrs. Isabelle Dutcher and Miss

Lenore Bauer have resigned their positions at the Johnson & Hill Co. store and will take a short vacation before taking up new duties.

Bauer expects to leave soon for Milwaukee where she will be employed, and Mrs. Dutcher will take a position in the Wood County National Bank.

The Nekoosa and Port Edwards paper mills had an auction sale of scrap iron at Port Edwards on Tuesday. Buyers were there from different parts of the state to bid on the iron.

The Grand Rapids Foundry and

Frank Garber were the highest bidders. There was over 100 tons of scrap iron.

We handle the Ajax tires with a

written guarantee of 5,000 miles. You cannot do better if you try.

Wood County Tire Co.

The members of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Moravian church entertained a farewell party on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Dickow, Walter Fors and Otto Kough, the boys being three members of that society who left during the past week for camp. The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner, there being about forty in attendance.

The Red Cross dance given by the Rudolph branch of the American Red Cross was a grand success, due to the united efforts of the Red Cross committee and the loyal support given by the people. The amount taken in was \$178.80, the net profit to be turned over to the Grand Rapids Chapter A. R. C. The hall was beautifully decorated with bunting, red crosses, American and ally flags. The stage and booth at which the event was served during the entire evening, were prettily decorated with red and white curtains. The splendid music from the Spoltz orchestra of Rudolph, was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

DEATH OF GUY LAW

Guy Law of Babcock, who was well known in this city, died at his home in that village on Saturday, cause of death being congestion of the brain.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon from the Methodist church. He is survived by his parents and one sister and two brothers.

METHOD OF ORGANIZING

A JUNIOR RED CROSS

In organizing Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries the first step is to get the consent of school authorities. Second,

the school must take a pledge that it

will do Red Cross work or collect dues.

Third, the school then makes formal application for membership to the local branch school committee.

Then, the school becomes a school

Auxiliary of the Junior Red Cross

and each child in the school becomes a member in the American Red Cross.

A democratic way to raise funds is thru a school entertainment.

The fund raised (if sufficient) should be equal to twenty-five cents for each child.

These funds may be kept in the Branch Treasurer or held as a separate fund for the use of the school purchasing material or the teacher may handle her own funds keeping a record of the same.

The first is preferable as the Branch Treasurer must keep a record of all funds and it is then easier if they are used for the school.

Unless you can assure that the

army shall be fed unless we can

continue to feed the army and help

to feed the army of Great Britain, we

have almost positive assurance of a

German victory and a German peace.

Yours wife, knowing these things, will serve potatoes as a substitute for bread. She will take all wheat bread from the table for two meals a day, and you and your family will be asked to actually "fill up" on potatoes.

Baked, boiled and mashed potatoes are old friends, but these two recipes, suggested by the home economics department of the College of Agriculture, may be new to your table. If not, pass them on to your neighbors.

Cottage Cheese Worker—

NAMED FOR WISCONSIN

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has named Mrs. Nancy Hatch, Farmers' Institute worker of Green Bay, to encourage in Wisconsin the production of cottage cheese on farms and also to stimulate its use in homes.

Mrs. Hatch, one of 47 women

agents named for as many states, is to co-operate with Federal and state agricultural and home demonstration agents.

Mrs. Gertrude Van Hoosen of Chicago, formerly teacher of household work at the University of Chicago, is the leader in the cottage cheese work for the Central Western states.

Most work in Wisconsin will be part of the Department of Agriculture's national campaign, in co-operation with the U. S. Food Administration, to encourage the use, as well as the production, of cottage cheese, which experiments by the Department have shown is equal in food value to meat. Cottage cheese can be made from skim milk or buttermilk, now largely wasted or fed to animals, and its extended use is expected to be made by the armies and allies of America.

Cottage Souffle—4 cups hot mashed

potato, 1 tablespoon melted fat, 2

tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon salt,

one-quarter teaspoon pepper, 2

tablespoons butter, 1 cup

onion, 1/2 cup chopped onion until the onion is a golden brown. Add the potato and cook for ten minutes. Add the milk and corn and cook slowly in a double boiler until the potatoes are tender. Add the flour mixed to a smooth paste with an equal amount of cold water. Add

The Wife of a King

A Metamorphosis of the Gold Country of the Far North

By JACK LONDON

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ONE, when the Northland was very young, the social and civic virtues were remarkable alike for their purity and their simplicity. When the burden of domestic duties grew grievous, and the thirsting mood expanded to a constant protest against its bleak loneliness, the adventures from the Southland, in lieu of better, paid the stipulated prices and took unto themselves native wives. It was a forest of paradise to the women, for it must be confessed that the white savages gave far better care and treatment to them than did their Indian counterparts. Of course, the white men themselves were satisfied with such deals, as were also the Indian men for that matter. Having sold their daughters and sisters for cotton blankets and obsolete rifles, and traded their warlike furs for flimsy calico and bad whisky, the sons of the soil promptly and cheerfully succumbed to quick consumption and other swift diseases correlated with the blessings of a superior civilization.

It was in these days of Arcadian simplicity that Cal Galbraith journeyed through the land and fell sick on the Lower river. It was a refreshing advent in the lives of the good Sisters of the Holy Cross, who gave him shelter and medicine. Cal Galbraith became troubled with strange thoughts, which clung to him for attention till he lay eyes on the Mission girl, Madeline. Yet he gave no sign, blighting his life patiently. He strengthened with the coming spring, and when the sun rode the heavens in a golden circle, and the joy and thrill of life were in all the land, he gathered his still weak body together and departed.

Now Madeline, the mission girl, was an orphan. Her white father had failed to give a half-faced grizzly the trail one day, and had died quietly. Then her Indian mother, having no man to fill the winter cache, had tried the hazardous expedient of waiting till the salmon ran on fifty pounds of flour and half as many of bacon. After that the baby, Cuckoo, went to live with the good sisters, and to be thenceforth known by another name.

But Madeline still had kinsfolk, the nearest being a dissolute uncle who outraged his wife with immense quantities of the white man's whisky. He strove daily to walk with the gods, and incidentally his feet sought shore or trails to the grave. When sober he suffered exquisite torture. He had no conscience. To this ancient vagabond Cal Galbraith duly presented himself, and they conversed many words and much tobacco in the conversation that followed. Promises were also made; and in the end the old heathen took a few pounds of dried salmon and his black-bear canoe, and paddled away to the Mission of the Holy Cross.

It is not given the world to know what promises he made and what lies he told—the sisters never gossip; but when he returned, upon his swarthy chest there was a brass crucifix, and his canoe his niece Madeline. That night there was a grand wedding and a potlatch; so that for two days to follow there was no fishing done by the village. But in the morning Madeline shook the dust of the Lower river from her moccasins, and with her husband, in a poling boat, went to live on the Upper river in a place known as the Lower Country. And in the years which followed she was a good wife, sharing her husband's hardships and cooking his food. And she kept him in straight trails, till he learned to save his dust and to work mightily. In the end, he struck it rich, and built a cabin in Circle City; and his happiness was such that men who came to visit him in his home circle became restless at the sight of it and envied him greatly.

But the Northland began to mature, and social amenities to make their appearance. Hitherto, the Southland had sent forth its sons; but it now belched forth a new exodus, this time of its daughters. They did not fail to put new ideas in the heads of the men, and to elevate the tone of things in ways peculiarly their own. No more did the squaws gather at the dances, go roaring down the center in the good, old Virginia reels, or make merry with Jolly Jim Tucker. They fell back on their native stoolism, and uncomplainingly watched the rate of their white sisters from the cubans.

Then another exodus came over the mountains from the prolific Southland. This time it was of women that became mighty in the land. They frown upon the Indian wives, while the other women became mild and wistfully humbly. There were cowards who became ashamed of their ancient cowards with the daughters of the soil, who looked with a new distaste upon their dark-skinned children; but there were also others—men—who remained true and proud of their aboriginal ways. When it became the fashion to divorce the native wives, Cal Galbraith retained his manhood, and in so doing felt the heavy hand of the women who had come last, knew best, and who ruled the land.

One ruled the Upper Country, which lies far above Circle City, was pronounced rich. Dog teams carried the news to Salt Water, golden argosies freighted the trail across the North Pacific; wires and cables sang with the tidings; and the world heard for the first time of the Klondike river and the Yukon country.

Cal Galbraith had lived the years quietly. He had then been a good husband to Madeline, and she had blessed

away on his violin and following the dances.

It was a unique situation, the undertaking of these three men with the woman. The most pathetic part, perhaps, was the busineslike way in which they went about it. No actress was ever trained more rigidly for a coming contest, nor wolf dog for the harness, than was she. But they had good material, for Madeline, unlike most women of her race, in her childhood had escaped the carrying of heavy burdens and the toll of the trail. Besides, she was a clear-limbed, willowy creature, possessed of much grace which had not hitherto been realized. It was this grace which the men strove to bring out and knock into shape.

At the next intermission Prince discovered a new predicament.

"Say, Kid," he said, "we're wrong, all wrong. She can't learn in moccasins. Put her feet into slippers, and then on to that waxed floor—phew!"

Madeline raised a foot and regarded her shapeless house moccasin dubiously. In precious winters, both at Circle City and Forty Mile, she had danced many a night away with similar footgear, and there had been nothing the matter. But now—well, if there was anything wrong it was for Madeline Kid to know, not her.

But Madeline Kid did know, and had a good eye for measures; so he put on his cap and mittens and went down the hill to see Mrs. Eppingwell in a call. Her husband, Clove Eppingwell, was prominent in the community as one of the great government officials. The kid had noted her slender little foot one night, at the governor's ball. And as he also knew her to be as sensible as she was pretty, it was no task to ask of her a certain small favor.

On his return, Madeline withdrew all the three months of daylight. She fed the dogs, gave much of her time to young Cal, watched the short summer fade away and the sun begin its long journey to the south. And she prayed much in the manner of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The fall came, and with it there was mushiness on the Yukon, and Circle City kings returning to the winter's work at their mines, but no Cal Galbraith. Tom Dixon received a letter, however, from his men shedding up her winter's supply of dry pine. The company received a letter, for its dog teams filled her cache with their best provisions, and she was told that her credit was blottless.

Through all the ages man has been held the chief instigator of the woes of woman; but in this case the men held their tongues and swore harshly at one of their number who was away, while the woman failed utterly to rebuke them. So, without needless delay, Madeline began strange tales of Cal Galbraith's doings; also, of a certain Greek dancer who played with men as children did with bubbles. Now Madeline was an Indian woman, and further, she had no woman friend to whom to go for wise counsel. She prayed and planned by turns, and that night, being quick of resolve and determined, harnessed the dogs, and with young Cal securely lashed to the sled, stole away.

Though the Yukon still ran free, the eddy ice was growing, and each day saw the river dwindling to a slushy thread. Save him who has done the like, no man may know what she endured in traveling a hundred miles on the rim ice; nor may they understand the toll and hardship of breaking the two hundred miles of packed ice which remained after the river froze for good. But Madeline was an Indian woman, so she did these things, and one night there came a knock at Madeline Kid's door. Thereat he fed a team of starving dogs, put a healthy youngster to bed, and turned his attention to an exhausted woman. He removed her ice-bound moccasins while he listened to her tale, and stuck the point of his knife into her feet that he might see how far they were frozen.

Despite his tremendous virility, Madeline Kid was possessed of a softer, womanly element, which could win the confidence of a smirking wolf dog or draw confessions from the most wintry heart. Nor did he seek them. Hearts opened to him as spontaneously as flowers to the sun. Even the priest, Father Roubeau, had been known to confess to him, while the men and women of the Northland were ever knocking at his door, a door from which the latch-string hung always out. To Madeline, he could do no wrong, make no mistake. She had known him from the time she first cast her lot among the people of her father's race; and to her half-barbaric mind, it seemed that in him was his vision and the future there could lie no intervening veil.

There were false ideals in the land, true social strictures of Dawson were not synonymous with those of the previous era, and the swift maturity of the Northland involved much wrong. Madeline Kid was aware of this, and he had Cal Galbraith's measure accurately. He knew a husky wolf was the father of much evil; but he was anxious to teach a great lesson and bring shame upon the man. So Stanley Prince, the young mining expert, was called into the conference the following night, as was also Lucky Jack Harrington and his violin. Thus Madeline, Junior to the sled, and slipped into Cal Galbraith's dogs, lashed out Cal Galbraith, Junior to the sled, and slipped away in the dark for Stuart river.

"So; one—two—three, one—two—three. Now, reverse! No, no! Start up, again! Jack. See this way!" Prince executed the movement as one who had led the cotillion.

"Now; one—two—three, one—two—three. Reverse! Ah! that's better. Try it again, I say, you know, you mustn't look at your feet. One—two—three, one—two—three. Shorter steps. You are not hanging to the geepole just now. Try it over. There's that's the way. One—two—three, one—two—three."

Round and round went Prince and Madeline in an interminable waltz. The table and stools had been shoved over against the wall to increase the room. Madeline Kid sat on the bunk, chin to knees, greatly interested. Jack Harrington sat beside him, scraping

on one of these nights Cal Galbraith dropped in. Encouraging news had just come down from Stuart river, and Madeline had surpassed herself—not in walk alone, and carriage and grace, but in womanly roguishness. They had indulged in sharp repartee, and she had defended herself brilliantly; and then, yielding to the intoxication of the moment, and of her own power, she had blushed and blundered, and whooped and paraded them with most astonishing success. And instinctively, involuntarily, they had bowed, not to her beauty, her wisdom, her wit, but to that indefinable something in woman to which man yields, yet cannot name. The room was dizzy with sheer delight as she and Prince whirled through the last dance of the evening. Harrington was throwing in inconceivable flour-

guts to speak, but the Kid pressed his hand for silence. The sound muffled. Dog after dog took up the strain till the full-throated chorus swayed the night.

Cal Galbraith shivered slightly as he lay in half-caught sobs. The Kid read his thoughts openly, and wandered back with him through all the weary days of famine and disease; and with him was also the patient Madeline, sharing his pains and sorrows, never doubtless, never complaining. His mind's retina vibrated to a score of pictures, stern, clear-cut and the hand of the past drew back with heavy fingers on his heart. It was the psychological moment. Madeline Kid was half tempted to play his ruse, card and win the game; but the lesson was too mild as yet, and he let it pass. The next instant they had gripped hands, and the king's beaded moccasins were drawing protests from the outraged snow as he crunched down the hill.

Madeline in collapse was another woman to the mischievous creature of an hour before, whose laughter had been so infectious and whose heightened color and flashing eyes had made her teachers for the while forget.

Weak and nerveless, she sat in the chair just as she had been dropped there by Prince and Harrington. Madeline Kid had won the game; but he turned her through one dance, he was willing not only to stake his millions that she was not Freda, but that he had his arm about her waist before. When or where he could not tell, but the puzzling sense of familiarity so wrought upon him that he turned his attention to the discovery of her identity. Madeline Kid might have aided him instead of occasionally taking the "Princess" for a few turns and talking earnestly to her in low tones. But it was Jack Harrington who paid the "Russian Princess" the most assiduous court. Once he drew Cal Galbraith aside, and hazarded wild guesses as to who she was, and explained to him that he was going in earnest. This rankled the Circle City king, and he took both Madeline and Freda in the new quest.

It was soon noticed about that the "Russian Princess" was not Freda. Interest deepened. Here was a fresh enigma. They knew Freda though they could not find her, but her was somebody they had found and did not know. Even the women could not place her, and they knew every good dancer in the camp. Many took her for one of the official rhyme, indulging in a silly escapade. Not a few asserted she would disappear before the unmasking. Others were equally positive that she was the woman reporter of the Kansas City "Sun" who came to write them up at night. But she had never seen before, and what with cutting, and fitting, and basting, and stitching, and numerous other wonderful and unknown things, the male conspirators were more often banished the premises than not. At such times the opera house opened its double storm doors to them. So often did they put their heads together, and so deeply did they drink to curious

rumors that the loungers scented unknown crevices of incalculable richness, and it is known that several cheechumans and at least one old timer kept their stamping pucks stored behind the bar, ready to hit the trail at a moment's notice.

At this instant the door shook with a heavy rap-rap, and their quick glances noted the lifting of the latch. But they had survived similar situations before. Harrington never broke a note. Madeline shot through the waiting door to the inner room. The broom went hurtling under the bunk, and by the time Cal Galbraith wrapped a Hudson Bay blanket about her with a mock reverence more real than regal, while Madeline Kid who had been riding with her on her horse had taken, found it a severe trial to resume his wonted manhood. Harrington, with the list of purchase still running through his head, dragged along in the rear, nor opened his mouth once all the way down into the town. When they came to the back door of the opera house they took the blanket from Madeline's shoulders and spread it on the snow, slipping out of Prince's moccasins, she stepped upon it in new satin slippers. The masquerade was at its height. She hesitated, but they jerked open the door and shoved her in. Then they ran around to come in by the front entrance.

"Where is Freda?" the old timers questioned, while the cheechumans were equally energetic in asking who Freda was. The balloon buzzed with her name. It was on everybody's lips. Grizzled "sour-dough boys" day laborers at the mines but proud of their degree, either patronized the spruce-looking tenderfoot and lied eloquently, the "sour-dough boys" being specially created to toy with truth, or gave them savage looks of indignation because of their ignorance. Perhaps forty kings of the Upper and Lower countries were on the floor, each claiming himself hot on the trail and sturdily backing his judgment with the yellow dust of the resin. An assistant was sent to the man at the scales, upon whom had fallen the burden of weighing up the sacks, while several of the gamblers, with the rules of chance at their finger ends, made up alluring books on the field and strolled away.

Madeline Kid laid hand upon his arm, and pushed him suddenly. They had stepped without. Overhead, the aurora, a gorgeous wanton, haunted minx of color; beneath lay the sleeping town. Far below, a solitary dog gave tongue. The king again

asked, "When do you expect to go back to Circle City?" Madeline Kid asked simply.

"I haven't thought much about it," he replied. "Don't think till after the ice breaks."

"And Madeline?"

He flushed at the question, and there was a quick droop to his eyes. "By Jove!" he gasped. "Who'd I thought it! The little witch! Why, my sister!"

"Is an English girl," interrupted Madeline Kid, "with an English foot,

issues, while Madeline Kid, blithely abandoned, had seized the broom and was executing mad gyrations on his own account.

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As a rule, Indian women do not make a practice of fainting on their appearance, but Madeline came as near to it as she ever had in her life. For an hour she crouched on the floor, listening to the heavy voices of the men rumbling up and down in mimic thunder. Like familiar chords of childhood melody, every intonation, every trick of her husband's voice, swept in upon her, fluttering her heart and wrinkling her knees till she lay half fainting against the door. It was well she could neither see nor hear when he took his departure.

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the Trail

Indian Thought
New, and Failed Not
with Grim Death

By JACK LONDON

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STIKA CHARLEY had achieved the impossible. Other Indians might have known as much of the wisdom of the trail as did he; but he alone knew the white man's wisdom, the honor of the trail, and the law. But these things had not come to him in a day. The aboriginal mind is slow to generalize, and many facts, repeated often, are required to compass an understanding. Stika Charley, from boyhood, had been thrown continually with white men, and as a man he had elected to cast his fortunes with them, expatriating himself, once and for all, from his own people, even then respecting, almost revering, their power, and pondering over it, he had yet to divine its secret essence—the honor and the law. And it was only by the cumulative evidence of years that he had finally come to understand. Being an aborigine, when he did know it better than the white man himself, being an Indian, he had achieved the impossible.

And of these things had been bred a certain contempt for his own people—a contempt which he had made it a custom to conceal, but which now burst forth in a polyglot whirlwind of curses upon the heads of Kahl-Chucte and Gowhee. They erred before him like a brace of snarling wolf dogs, too cowardly to spring, too wretched to cover their fangs. They were not handsome creatures. Neither was Stika Charley. All three were frightful looking. There was no dash to their faces; their check bones were massed with hideous scabs which had cracked and frozen alternately under the intense frost; while their eyes burned furiously with the light which is born of desperation and hunger. Men so situated, beyond the pale of the honor and the law, are not to be trusted. Stika Charley knew this; and this was why he had forced them to abandon their rifles with the rest of the camp outfit ten days before. His rifle and Captain Eppingwell's were the only ones that remained.

"Come, get a fire started," he commanded, drawing out the precious match box with its attendant strips of dry birch bark. The two Indians fell silent to the task of gathering dead branches and underwood. They were weak, and paused often, catching themselves, in the act of stooping, with giddy motions, or staggering to the center of operations with their knees shaking like custard. After each trip they rested for a moment, as though spent and deadly weary. At times their eyes took on the patient stoicism of dumb suffering; and again the eye seemed almost bursting forth with its wild fury. "I want to exist!" the dumbfound note of the whole living universe.

A light breath of air blew from the south, nipping the exposed portion of their bodies and driving the frost, in needles of fire, through fur and flesh to the bones. So, when the fire had grown lusty and thawed a damp circle in the snow about it, Stika Charley forced his reluctant comrades to lend a hand in pitching a fly. It was a primitive affair, merely a blanket, stretched gamely with the fire and windward of it, at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees. This shut out the chill wind, and threw the heat backward and down upon those who were to huddle in its shelter. Then, a layer of green spruce boughs was spread, that their bodies might not come in contact with the snow. When this task was com-

pleted, Kahl-Chucte and Gowhee prodded to take care of their feet. Their ice-bound moccasins were sadly worn by much travel, and the sharp ice of the river jams had cut them to rags. Their moccasin socks were similarly conditioned, and when these had been thawed and removed, the dead-white tips of the toes, in the various stages of mortification, told their simple tale of the trail.

Leaving the two to the drying of their footgear, Stika Charley turned back over the course he had come. He, too, had a mighty longing to sit by the fire and tend his aching, aching flesh, but the honor and the law forbade. He toiled painfully over the frozen field, each step a protest, every muscle in revolt. Several times, where the open water between the jams had recently crusted, he was forced to miserably accelerate his movements as the fragile footing swayed and threatened him. In such places death was quick and easy; but it was not his desire to endure more.

His deepening anxiety vanished as two Indians dragged into view round a bend in the river. They staggered and panted like men under heavy burdens; yet the packs on their backs were a matter of but few pounds. They questioned them eagerly, and their replies seemed to relieve him. He hurried on. Next came two white men supporting between them a woman. They also behaved as though drunken and their limbs shook with weakness. But the woman leaned lightly upon them, choosing to carry herself forward with her own strength. At sight of her, a flash of joy cast its feeling light across Stika Charley's face. He cherished a very great regard for Mrs. Eppingwell. He had seen many white women, but this was the first to travel the trail with him. When Captain Eppingwell proposed the hazardous undertaking and made him an offer for his services, he had shaken his head gravely; for it was an unknown journey through the dismal vastnesses of the Northland, and he knew it to be of the kind that try to the uttermost the souls of men. But when he learned that the captain's wife was to accompany them, he had refused flatly to have anything further to do with it. Had it been a woman of his own race he would have harbored no objections; but these women of the Northland—no, they were too soft, too tender, for such enterprises.

Stika Charley did not know this kind of woman. Five minutes before, he did not even dream of taking charge of the expedition; but when she came to him with her wonderful smile and her straight clean English, and talked to the point, without pleading or persisting, he had involuntarily yielded. Had there been a softness and appeal to mercy in the eyes, a tremble to the voice, a taking advantage of sex, he would have stiffened to steel; instead her clear-searching eyes and clear-sounding voice, her utter frankness and tact, assumption of equality, had robbed him of his reason. He felt, then, that this was a new breed of women; and ere they had been trail mates for many days, he knew why the sons of such women mastered the land and sea, and why the sons of his own women could not prevail against them. Tender and soft! Day after day he watched her, muscle-wrung, exhausted, ineradicable, and the words beat her up on him in a perennial refrain. Tender and soft! He knew her feet had been born to easy paths and sunny lands, strangers to the moccasin pain of the

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GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE

Thursday, May 2, 1918

Published by
W. A. DRUMB & A. B. SUTOR
Entered at the post office at Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, as second class mail matter.
Subscription Price
Per Year \$1.50
Six Months 75
Three Months 50
Payable in Advance.

Published every Thursday at Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wisconsin
Telephone Number 324

ADVERTISING RATES

Resolutions, each 75
Card of Thanks, each 25
Transient Readers, per line 10c
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This newspaper is a member of the Wisconsin Patriotic Press Association and pledges its uncompromising loyalty to our government in this war.



"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country right or wrong." — Stephen Decatur.

DR. C. T. FOOTE
DENTIST
Office in MacKinnon Block at west end of bridge
Phone, 28. Residence, 45
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

WHY NOT ENACT THE BENNETT LAW AGAIN?

The measure of Secretary Lane to the President and the Senate and House Committee on Education brings out some most startling facts as to the extent of illiteracy in this country. Mr. Lane states that in 1910 there were more than five and a half million persons "over ten years of age who were unable to read or write in any language." There are now nearly 700,000 men of draft age in the United States who are illiterate, who cannot read or write in English or in any other language. Since the first of April, 1917, there have been drafted into the American army 40,000 men who cannot sign their names, cannot read orders posted on camp bulletin boards, cannot study their manual of arms, cannot read or write their own letters, cannot understand the flag signals of the Signal Corps by time of battle. Secretary Lane says that if these five and a half million persons were stretched in a double line at intervals of three feet and were to march past the White House at the rate of one mile an hour, they would take two and a half hours to pass. Over fifty-eight per cent are white persons and of these 1,500,000 are native born white. He further says that 3,700,000, or ten per cent of our country folk cannot read or write a word.

"They cannot read a bulletin on agriculture, a farm paper, a food pledge card, a Liberty Loan appeal, a newspaper, the Constitution of the United States, or their Bibles; nor can they keep personal or farm accounts."

Now here are disclosed a series of astounding facts which no one would care to over the house of every man, every boy who has joined the colors during the past fall and winter alone.

A black cloud of ignorance and unfitness for citizenship it presents.

In 1910 the state of Wisconsin grappled with this evil in the form of the Bennett Law. Briefly stated that law provided that at some time, somehow, and somewhere every parent in the state should see to it that his children between the ages of seven and fourteen should receive at least 60 days' instruction in the English language. That is the kind of language these young people are going to speak in the future. If they can't speak English, we prove serious handicap upon their future. It puts them in serious disadvantage compared with those who can use that language. Moreover, it is the language of the child's own country. They have a clear and indefensible right to ask of the state a law that shall compel their parents to have them taught to read and write that language. This was so opening our weakness as a state and nation.

Why not re-enact the Bennett law again? If it needs amendment, amend it. But let us do something to put a stop to this crass and ignorant. We believe into the belief such a law.

W. D. Houser, in the Jefferson County, Utica, published at Port Atkinson, Wisconsin.

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EVERY ITEM NEWS FOR SOMEBODY

Community Events of the Past Week from Various Parts of the County

Along the Seneca Road

Wm. Putzier, one of the old residents of this neighborhood died at his home last Sunday morning of cancer of the stomach, after a prolonged illness. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at the St. Sigel church. Mr. Putzier was a man of considerable ability, having received a liberal education in the universities of the old country, and served the town of Seneca in various offices during his residence here. He leaves a wife and several grown children.

The patrolmen on the section of the Frank Lloyd road work on Tuesday last, we may expect good roads for now on.

Mrs. A. Walczak made a trip to Winnebago last week to see her son Peter, who is there for treatment.

The report of his condition is not so favorable as his friends would like to hear.

Robt. Holmes who has been living for some time on the Marcella farm, is moved to the Brazeau farm south of Necksau.

Mrs. J. B. Ostermeyer returned Saturday from Portland, Oregon, where she has been for many months caring for her mother, Mrs. Gran. While Mrs. Ostermeyer's condition is much improved, she was hardly able to make the return trip, and decided to remain in the west until later in the season.

The Council of Defense representatives held a meeting at the Jackson school last Thursday evening under the direction of Mrs. M. H. Jackson of Grand Rapids. The pro-essay written by the 8th grade pupils on the subject of the Liberty Loan were read and several patriotic selections were rendered by the school. The Seneca Male Quartet consisting of M. Stelnes, W. Stelnes, D. W. Datur and L. F. Jones, also sang appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. Anderson has gone to Cranmore where he has secured employment.

A large crowd attended the patriotic meeting held at the town hall last Tuesday night. Mrs. Kellogg and I. P. Witter of Grand Rapids lectured on Patriotic Food Conservation and Red Cross. Mrs. M. H. Jackson of Grand Rapids acted as chairman of the meeting.

Miss Jeanette Tempas has been entertaining a lady friend from Madison the past week.

Willard Grossmann of Dale spent Monday here.

Mrs. David Shurkoy is back from a visit with friends at Port Edwards.

Saturday evening a number of the friends of Ernest Anderson gathered at his home to celebrate his birthday.

A number of young people from the local school participated in the festivities of the occasion, which proved to be a very enjoyable affair.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Overzel Friday, April 26.

Mrs. Matt Grunstet of Grand Rapids visited her daughter here last week.

Mrs. Anna Anderson who is employed at Grand Rapids spent Saturday and Sunday at her home here.

Sam Nyström left on Tuesday for Merrill where he will be employed.

Mrs. Nauze of Hibbing, Minnesota, visited at the home of her brother, Seth Whitman, last week.

The Rock block was taken to the Grand Rapids hospital Friday where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Parks was taken to the Riverview hospital in Grand Rapids last Friday where she was operated on for an abscess of the inner ear.

She has been in poor health this spring with heart trouble, but stood the operation all right, and at present is getting along fine.

We were all pleased to see the rain Sunday as it was pretty dry for spring weather and everything has been very backward.

Robert Shick, who has been in the hospitals at Ashland and Chicago for the last year and a half with a badly broken leg, returned home last week.

He is able to hobble around with the aid of a cane, but is badly crippled and will undoubtedly always be so.

Will Marceau of Medill has been here the past week painting the buildings on the R. W. Park farm, Will is a good painter and has made the old homestead at Spring Creek look a whole lot different.

School closed in the town of Grant Dist. No. 4, last Friday, for the year.

Several from here went up to Jordan last Saturday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Dava Barrows. She was well known here and was a half-sister to Mrs. J. C. Clendenning.

SARATOGA

Eric Jackson and son Bill and Fred Guckenberg were visitors at Stevens Point one day last week.

Mrs. K. F. Knutson is visiting her daughter in Milwaukee.

Georgia and Florence Ross of South Saratoga visited at the Poto Koutous home Thursday evening.

Ora Johnson of Killeen was in our neighborhood last week.

Mrs. Steve Slusher and children of Grand Rapids visited her parents here last Friday.

A large number of friends of Mrs. Jean Guckenberg gave her a surprise birthday party Saturday April 28.

Hattie Brown arrived home from Chicago last Thursday evening.

Mrs. P. L. Lohr of Arpin visited a few days with her brothers Frank and John and son Bill at the Ton Mile school Tuesday.

Eric Albert Dowell and daughter of Grand Rapids visited a few days the past week with relatives here.

Mrs. W. Pantor of Grand Rapids visited at the Walter Burmeister home Monday.

Eric Albert Dowell and daughter of Grand Rapids visited a few days the past week with relatives here.

Mrs. W. Pantor of Grand Rapids visited at the Walter Burmeister home Monday.

Signe Lundberg and Pearl Kunkon visited the Bell school at the Ton Mile school Tuesday.

Eric Knutson and H. C. Rehman were at South Saratoga on business Monday evening.

Cake Annoyed Him.

Eugene, who is just beginning to learn to eat solid food, before his meal, was seated at the table when suddenly he saw a cake on the buffet and remarked: "Oh, my! Tover up take thi I eat my taffies."

All kinds of legal banks for sale at this office.

FOR SALE—At Spring Hill farm, registered Holstein bull, 13 months old, mostly white; dam record over 12,000 lbs milk and 880 lbs fat last year. Price \$125. Have also young bull calves from this year's crop, with records up to 12,500 lbs milk and 418 lbs fat in year. In Wood county cow test association. For particulars see H. J. Bausman, Vesper, Wis.

THE ALUX TIRE is guaranteed for 5,000 miles, and there is a written guarantee with every tire. Come in and look them over, as we carry a stock of the different sizes. Wood County Tire Co.

YOUR SUCCESS PLANS

In looking forward to your future success and in planning to bring it about, consider the value of genuine bank service.

First National Bank service should be made to take an important part in completing your plans.

Your better acquaintance here is sought with the idea of giving your plans financial help, as well as friendly advice and counsel.

GOODRICH
TESTED TIRES

There is no risk with the tire that can give the password "TESTED," for no weakness, no structural failing, could hide itself during the month to month, season to season, testing of the Test Car Fleets.

SILVERTOWN CORDS, and BLACK SAFETY TREADS, challenged America's roads, and under light and heavy cars fought sand, gravel, and rock, in rain, mud, snow, and slush, and defeated them. The spiral-wrapped, cable-cord tire body stood staunch against the hammering of mountain trails. The close-clutch, cross-barred, non-skid black safety tread, baffled the teeth of desert and prairie paths.

Demand this password of all tires before you buy, and you will get the durability, dependability, and economy of the tires which the roads of every region of our land proclaim, "America's Tested Tires."

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Milwaukee Branch: 563-565 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis.

First National Bank
GRAND RAPIDS - WISCONSIN

NOTICE!

If you are going to hold an auction sale, you are entitled to that talent for which you pay your money.

Col. G. D. HAMIEL, central Wisconsin's leading live stock auctioneer, will handle your sale for you. Backed by 14 years of successful block work it is your guarantee of the able ability for doing the selling.

Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

COL. G. D. HAMIEL
Real Estate and Auctioneer
Phone 1015 and 388
GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

"The Bank That Does Things for You"

THE CITY OF GOODRICH - AKRON, OHIO.

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

GOODRICH TESTED TIRES

GOODRICH CORDS

GOODRICH SAFETY TREADS

GOODRICH TESTED TIRES

Nervous Headaches Four Bottles of Peruna Made Me Well

Mrs. Effie Hill, Blanchester, Ohio, writes as follows:

"I cannot tell how much I suffered in the past twelve years. I have been treated by physicians and no relief only for a short time. I was in such a condition from nervous headaches, such heavy feeling as if my brain was pressing down, and so nervous I could not get my rest at night. Would have sinking spells and then so weak that I could not do my work. I began to take Peruna. Have taken four bottles of Peruna and have gained in strength and flesh, and can say I am well."

I Cannot
Thank
You
Enough
For My
Recovery

woman. I cannot thank you enough for my recovery."

Those who object to liquid medicines can secure Peruna tablets.

NATURE'S BOOK OF SEASONS

Four Times a Year Does Good Old Mother Earth Bring Forth Her Fruit.

Mother Earth four times a year brings forth fruit of joy. Summer, autumn, winter, spring, each avails her. Spring the buoyant spirit brings, with one look beguiles snowbound fields and frozen seas into melting smiles. On the green dandelions we can see lovely spring, crown him with their jeweled crowns, bat him all their flowers to summer, bat him with favor all receive, pretty maidens too. For he serves their vanity, doing all he can to enhance their beauty with just a touch of tan. Love him lillies, tulips, roses, peach and cherries red, plucks the rose, slopes, and soon summer, too, has fled. In his train a harvest rich golden autumn finds, which with care and thoughtfulness into sheaves he binds. The day of "giving thanks" spreads her out his gold, gathers up his boughs, departs at the blast of cold, bidding of the merry bells cleaves the frosty air. 'Tis the gladsoome herald of coming infant year. On and off the seasons four spend the years around, twixt their covers, leaf by leaf, nature's book is bound.—John D. Nusbaum in the New York Telegraph.

Plenty of Water.

They had lived in a very congested neighborhood. He had never had any great fondness for soup and water, but he was citizen, at any rate—when he was a somewhat unwarmed one. And when the call came for volunteers and still more volunteers, they decided it was his duty to enlist.

He was questioned and examined by two men at the recruiting station, and then given over to several others, who gave them the bath and scrub of his lifetime.

When the process was over he was told to report the following day and he would receive his uniform.

"Well, m'ment," he said, when he went home that evening. "I enlisted."

"Nah! You enlisted, Ikey? And vat did you enlist in?"

"Well, m'ment," they said. "I don't just know, but I guess it was the navy." New York Mail.

Greenland has no infectious diseases.

Says Dodd's Kidney Pills,
Wonderful Remedy

Mrs. Julia Clegg of New London, Wisconsin, writes after experiencing the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills that they are unequalled. Here is what Mrs. Clegg recently wrote us:

"I suffered with rheumatism for years. The disease was so severe, it was in the urine and I had frequent headaches. I had dark circles around my eyes and was always tired. I bought a box of your Dodd's Kidney Pills and they did for me a wonderful relief and think that you have a wonderful remedy."

Many few people realize in this country kidney trouble in making a disease upon the body. "I'll be all right in a day or two," And the remedy tightens its grip. Result—bright health and treatment.

When you have headache, dizziness, pain in loins, stiffness, in standing or sitting, pain in the kidneys, pain in the sacrum, in sacrum, in the sacrum, or swollen joints, immediately start taking the kidney pills by the regular use of the Dodd's Kidney Pills.

For the regular use of the Dodd's Kidney Pills.

DODD'S
KIDNEY
PILLS

Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney life. At all drugstores.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insuring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectoration in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

GERMANS Eat Sea Weeds.

Germany is despite its contrary climate, getting desperate for food. A recent issue of the International Review of Science and Practice of Agriculture announces that the Prussians are eating seaweed as one of the food substitutes. They boil the smell-savory wafers and disguise it in cakes, hoping to derive the unquestioned nourishment which it possesses without being too conscious of it. Rhubarb leaves are also used now. Wheat and oats straw is ground, sugar beet seeds are made into meal. Nuts from the forest are collected and made into flour. Grapes seeds are saved and ground also, countless weeds from the fields are cut, dried and boiled in soup.

Camp Grant, National army, on C. & G. railroad, 4.3 miles from Rockford, Ill., also reached by trolley.

Camp Jackson, National army, on Interstate (electrical) Railway company, from Des Moines; Interstate, 20 cents; interurban, 21 cents.

Camp Funston, National army, located at Funston, Kan., on main line of Union Pacific, 33 miles from Fort Riley, Kan. One-way fares from Junction City; Interstate, 22 cents; Interstate, 15 cents.

Camp Gordon, National army, located at Chamblee, Ga., 13.5 miles from Atlanta on Southern railway. One-way fare from Atlanta on Southern railway, 35 cents; via electric line, 20 cents.

Camp Grant, National army, on C. & G. railroad, 4.3 miles from Rockford, Ill., also reached by trolley.

Camp Jackson, National army, 4.5 miles from Columbia, S. C., on Southern railway; also reached by trolley. One-way fares from Columbia via Southern railway, 20 cents; via electric line, 10 cents.

Camp Lee, National army, 7 miles from Petersburg, Va., on Norfolk & Western railway; also reached by trolley. One-way fare from Petersburg via N. & W. railway, 20 cents.

Camp Lewis, National army, located directly at American Lake station on Northern Pacific railway.

Camp Meade, National army, on Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis electric railway, 1.6 miles from Odenton, Md. Fare from Odenton, 5 cents.

Camp Pike, National army, on Missouri Pacific, 5 miles from Military Junction and C. R. & P., about 11½ miles from Argenta, Ark. One-way fares from Argenta, Ark. One-way fares from Fort Argenta, 18 cents; from Little Rock, 24 cents; from Military Junction, 15 cents.

Camp Sherman, National army, 24½ miles from Chillicothe, O., on B. & O. railroad. One-way fare from Chillicothe by taxi, 25 cents.

Camp Zachary Taylor, National army, located at Dunesville, Ky., on Southern railway, 11.6 miles from Louisville; also reached by Louisville street car line. One-way fare from Louisville via Southern railway, 20 cents; via electric line, 5 cents.

Camp Travis, National army, on G. M. & S. and M. K. & T. railways, 4.25 miles from San Antonio, Tex.

Camp Upton, National army, on Long Island railroad, 65.5 miles from New York city. Fares from New York: one-way, \$1.93; round trip, \$3.64.

Some Mixup.

At a munitions plant a workman had failed to get a cup of coffee. Half a minute after receiving it he was back at the counter.

"There's something funny about this coffee," he said; "It tastes just like cocaine."

The waitress slipped it and apologized.

"I'm so sorry," she said; "I've given you tea."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ½ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Encouraging Contrast.

"What are you reading there?"

"Something I hope will make me feel more resigned to the weather we are having," answered the gloomy man.

"It is one of those 'cheer-up' tracts?"

"No, it's a newspaper clipping, stating that the thermometer in the Yukon territory is 40 degrees below zero."

Birmingham Age-Herald.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *John Fletcher*.

It is in use for over 30 years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Restaurant Perfume.

"Bill—Gee! See these sluews in this chicken's legs!"

"Gee—ough, aren't they?"

"He was game rooster, I'll bet."

"Then these are the sinews of war."

Cold Cough, Headache and Grippe. LAXATIVE and STIMULANT. There is only one "Dr. Quinine." It is *Dr. Quinine's* signature on box. 30c.

Better one enemy that you are sure of than dozen doubtful friends.

General Cornfield outranks them all.

When Your Eyes Need Care
Smoothing Liner Eye Remedy.

Try *Muriel Eye Remedy*. 10c. Send 10c. Mail. Write for Free Bro. Book.

MURIEL EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

W. N. U. MILWAUKEE, NO. 6-1918.

Americans Most Reckless
Consumers of Candies and
Sweet Drinks in the World

After all American talk about the sacrifices America is making for the allies, the figures produced by Mr. Hoover respecting American consumption of sugar are enough to make Americans feel uncomfortable and look hypocritical. The plain facts are that American consumption of sugar during a period of distressing shortage has at best slightly diminished. Each American consumes over twice as much as each Englishman and almost four times as much as each Frenchman. Surely it is time, says the New Republic, to deal more drastically with such iniquities—with such overwhelming indications of a refusal or inability on the part of the American to abandon under the shock of war the wasteful indulgence of his ordinary desires.

Americans are the most reckless consumers of candies and sweet drinks in the world, and it is this class of consumption which is least necessary and has the smallest food value. Something can be done to diminish the drain made by candy stores and soda water fountains on the sugar supply by an appeal to voluntary effort, but the appeal should be backed up by a power of coercion with which the food administration is not now possessed, but which should be granted to it some time in the near future.

Our
Army Camps
Where Your Soldier Boy Is—
How to Get There.

Keeping Kiddies Off the Street They Knit, Sew, Draw and Enjoy Dainties



Miss Dalton, shown in the insert, is one of the educators and instigators of a general movement to care for youngsters after school hours, while their mothers are at work earning a living. The children are taught to knit, make their own clothing, draw, cook and bake. They are given coffee and dainties every afternoon.

"Made in America" Labels Should Replace Germany's and Japan's Trade Marks

For years and years it was "Made in Germany." Everything upon which such a tag could be placed with any reason of reason was said to have been "Made in Germany." Toys and tools, knives and fish hooks, guns and jewelry—everything upon which a high profit was desired by the dealer was labeled in that way.

Today Germany is not in high favor, and there is scarcely an article in any store with a German label. In fact the label factories have discontinued the printing of "Made in Germany" labels for American manufacturers to paste upon American products.

It would seem, then, asserts the Houston Post, that this is a good time for Americans to learn that the best goods of every kind which are manufactured under heaven are "Made in America."

But the manufacturers do not seem to think so. Instead of the "Made in Germany" labels, we have with us today "Made in Japan" labels. Thus the label printer has had to change his label and profit to the detriment of the American people. The goods sold under this misleading label are made in American factories by American workers paid American scales. They always have been made in America. It is likely that they always will be made in America. And the fact that they are made in America assures the purchaser that they are the best goods of the kind selling for a like price in the world.

It is time for the "Made in America" label to be used on all American made goods; and it would not be a bad idea which would compel American manufacturers to place an American label on their every product.

DO and exactly what you would naturally do if you were not convinced that etiquette is tricky.

Another thing that seems to puzzle is the answering of formal notes. If you receive a formal note, answer it formally, and make your spacing as much like the note you received as possible.

There is nothing mysterious about it. If you are polite and thoughtful and use your mind a bit you can never go far wrong. The instinct for the courteous thing can easily be cultivated and it is essential in every walk of life.

HOW TO PICK PAYING HENS

DO you know which chickens in your flock are producing enough eggs to pay for their feed?

Can you tell the hen that lays six times that number, many of them in the season of high prices?

Can you tell the steady layer from the "hoarder" in your flock without first opening her and looking at the egg sack?

These are some of the questions that puzzle poultry farmers the country over.

The hen that produces three or four eggs a week, and is on the job nearly the year around is the hen that is always hustling, according to J. G. Blum, of the College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin.

She is the first hen off the roost in the morning and the last on at night. She is always foraging; following the plover in the spring in search of grubs and cut-worms, roaming the woods and fields during the summer, devouring many injurious insects and their larvae, and busily plucking about the threshing machine or gorging herself on weed seeds in the fall. She is the hen that is unafraid, yet nervous; the hen with the bright eye and the sharp comb. She is always singing as she works, and is generally at work scratching away for dear life making her own living out of God's good green earth. She goes often to the water tank and drinks deeply for much of the eggs she produces is water.

Wise and Otherwise.

A cynic is a man who will tell you the reason some follows success is because everybody else is too tired or too lazy to put up any opposition to them.

Homers are like underwear; you should take it for granted that people know you have them. Any man who would sue a girl for breach of promise ought to be confined in an upholstered cell.

Ever notice how a small boy delights in standing under a big safe that is being hoisted to the top of a building?

Women May Be in Demand as Jurors in Suffrage States

The reduction through the war in the number of men available for service as jurors and the fact that women in this state have obtained the suffrage, suggest that before long we shall have women in the jury boxes, says the New York Herald.

If the next legislature makes women eligible it will be interesting to see whether they will willingly serve or whether they will be like the men who daily besiege the office of the commissioner of jurors seeking exemption and resorting to questionable devices in the attempt to obtain it.

In the case of a woman on trial for crime woman jurors would have a hundred clues to character and conduct which are imperceptible to men. And when passing upon one of their own sex there would be no danger of women being so emotionally tenacious as men have shown themselves to be.

The sound of the throb of the automobile waiting to take her to the station halted her on the hospital steps and she begged the nurse to save her.

With a little coaxing she was prevailed upon to enter the car, and as it sped along the avenue "Baby" Klein was sitting on the nurse's lap begging for protection.

Show Elephant Scare Men.

Kokomo, Ind.—When the Robinson circus passed through Kokomo in its journey to winter quarters in Peru, an unexpected halt was made on the tracks directly in front of the Haynes automobile factory in South Kokomo.

Horses and elephants stood before the open doors of the great machine room and one curious elephant started for the entrance, which caused several hundred of the workmen to stampede to places of safety.

Show Chinese Development.

The new department store, said to be the largest and most complete store of the kind in the Orient that has been under construction by the Sincere company, Limited, of Hong-Kong, has opened for business in Shanghai. The store occupies a new five-story building on Nanking road. Together with the Oriental hotel, the buildings occupy an entire block in the central part of the city. The entire business is Chinese owned and is managed by W. C.

GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE

Thursday, May 2, 1918

Published by
W. A. DRUMB & A. B. SUTOR

Entered at the post office at Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, as second class mail matter.

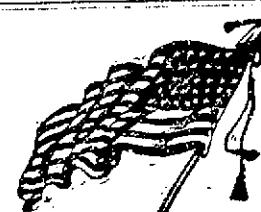
Subscription Prices
Per Year \$1.50
Six Months 75c
Three Months 40c
Payable in Advance

Published every Thursday at Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wisconsin
Telephone Number 324

ADVERTISING RATES

Resolutions, each 75c
Card of Thanks, each 10c
Transient Readers, per line 10c
Obituary Poetry, per line 5c
Paid Entertainments, per line 5c
Display Ad Rates, per inch 15c

This newspaper is a member of the Wisconsin Patriotic Press Association and pledges its uncompromising loyalty to our government in this war.



"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country right or wrong." — Stephen Decatur.

WHY NOT ENACT THE BENNETT LAW AGAIN?

The message of Secretary Lane to the President and the Senate and House Committees on Education brings out some most startling facts to the extent of illiteracy in this country. Mr. Lane states that in 1919 there were more than five and a half million persons "over ten years of age who were unable to read or write in any language." He also says now nearly 700,000 of these are in the United States who are registered with our schools but who cannot read or write in English or in any other language.

Since the first of April, 1917, there has been drafted into the American army 42,000 men who cannot sign their names, cannot read or write, cannot study their manual of arms, cannot read or write their letters, cannot understand the flag signals of the Signal Corps in time of battle.

St. Paul says that if these five and a half million persons were stretched in a double line at intervals of three feet and were to march past the White House at the rate of two miles a day it would take two months for them to pass. Over eighty-eight per cent are white persons and of these 1,500,000 are native born whites. It further says that 3,700,000 or ten per cent of our country cannot read or write a word.

"They cannot read a bulletin on agriculture, a farm paper, a food pledge card, a Liberty Loan appeal, a newspaper, the Constitution of the United States, or their Bibles, nor can they keep personal or farm accounts.

Now here are disclosed a series of astounding facts that almost send cold chills over the heart of every true lover of his country. What a black cloud of ignorance and unfitness for citizenship it presents.

In 1890 the state of Wisconsin grappled with this evil in the form of the Bennett Law. Briefly stated, the law provided that all who come, some how, and are not every parent of the citizen should see to it that their children between the ages of seven and fourteen should receive at least 60 days' instruction in the English language. That is the kind of language these young people are going to need in the future. Ignorance of English will prove a serious handicap upon them in life. It puts them to serious disadvantage compared to those who can use that language.

Moreover, it is the language of the child's own country. They have a clear and indefensible right to ask of the state a law that shall compel their parents to have them taught to read and write that language. This war is opening our eyes. It is closing our weakness as a state and nation.

Why not re-enact the Bennett Law again? If it needs amendment, amend it. But let us do something to put a stop to this cruelty to children. We believe the people of the state will fall into line behind such a law.

W. D. Hoard, in the Jefferson County, Union, published at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

The Ajax tire is guaranteed for 5,000 miles, and there is a written guarantee with every tire. Come in and look them over, as we carry a stock of the different sizes. Wood County Tire Co.

YOUR SUCCESS PLANS

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GRAND RAPIDS -- WISCONSIN



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Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

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GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

EVERY ITEM NEWS FOR SOMEBODY

Community Events of the Past Week from Various Parts of the County

Along the Seneca Road

SIGEL

Miss Jeanette Tenpas has been

entertaining a lady friend from Madison the past week.

Willard Grossmann of Dale spent

Monday here.

Mrs. David Sharkey is back from a

visit with friends at Port Edwards.

Saturday evening a number of the

friends home to celebrate his birthday.

A number of young people from Ru-

donow were present to partake of the

festivities of the occasion, which

proved to be a very enjoyable affair.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and

Mrs. Matt Crunsted of Grand

Rapids visited her daughter here last

weekend.

Miss Anna Anderson who is em-

ployed at Grand Rapids, spent Sat-

urday and Sunday at her home here.

Sam Nyström left on Tuesday for

Winnipeg last week to see his son

Peter, who is there for treatment.

The report of his condition is not so

favorable as his friends would like to

hear.

Rob. Holmes who has been living

for some time on the Marquette farm,

had moved to the Brazeau farm south

of Nicolet.

Mrs. J. R. Ostermeyer returned

Saturday from Portland, Oregon,

where she has been for nearly two

months caring for her mother, Mrs.

McGraw. While Mrs. McGraw's con-

dition is much improved, she is

hardly able to make the return trip,

and decided to remain in the west

country in the season.

The Council of Defense representa-

tives held a meeting at the Jackson

school last Thursday evening under

the direction of Mrs. M. H. Jackson

of Grand Rapids. The prize essays

written by the 8th grade pupils on

the subject of the Liberty Loan were

read and several prize selections

were rendered by the school. The

Seneca Quartet consisting of

M. Stolzen, F. W. Jones, D. W. Oster-

meyer and L. F. Jones, also sang

songs appropriate to the occasion.

The speaker of the evening, Prof.

Crossland, of the Grand Rapids high

school, was enthusiastically received,

and gave one of the best patriotic

speeches heard here. The people who

heard him hope he will come again.

The Sewing Circle met with Mrs.

Jackson last week. A good at-

tendance is reported.

W. W. Clark from Grand Rapids

gave us a long talk Wednesday of

last week. He will be out again at

the Bell school house on Friday even-

ing, May 3. We hope all those who

assisted in getting up a small co-opera-

tion for the benefit of the farmers

here or in the near districts, will be

present to hear what Mr. Clark has to

say.

A crowd from here attended the

dentist's office Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Krohn visited at

the Liptz home Sunday.

John Jensen called here one day

last week.

The school picnic here will be held

at the Bell school house Saturday the

14th. Everyone is welcome to come.

John Tessier and Will Burkhart vis-

ited at the Matthews home last Sat-

urday evening.

Victor Liptz and Nels Engdahl

were also here callers in East New

Rome Sunday.

Mrs. Will Burkhart has her niece

and chum from Nekoosa visiting with

her for a few days.

FOR SALE—At Spring Hill farm,

registered Holstein bull, 12 months

old, with white spots, 100% record

of over 12,000 lbs milk and 380 lbs

fat last year. Price \$125. Have

also young bull calves from this

year from dams with record up to

12,800 lbs. milk and 418 lbs. fat

in year. In Wood county cow test

association. For particulars see

H. J. Bassner, Vesper, Wis.

All kinds of legal blanks for sale

at this once.

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Try this recipe for Crullers and Doughnuts—
you can help save the Nation's fats when
you use Mazola for deep frying
MAZOLA

Mazola is a vegetable oil—pressed from corn.
It is the ideal medium for deep frying, sautéing, or
shortening, because it is not only economical—it gives
such splendid quality.

Crullers and Doughnuts

1 1/2 cups bread flour
1 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups sour milk
2 tablespoons Mazola
salt, dry yeast, except 1/2 cup, add milk
and Mazola, pour into a large bowl, add flour,
till or not in 1/2 inch slice and let stand a few minutes to rise.
Cut and fry in hot Mazola.

Get Mazola from your grocer in pint, quart, half-gallon or gallon tins. And ask for the free Mazola Book of Recipes, or write us direct.

Your money refunded if Mazola does not give entire satisfaction.

Corn Products Refining Company

17 Battery Place,
New York

Selling Representatives
National Starch Company
288 E. Water Street
Milwaukee, Wis.

FOOD

Will Win This War

Grow It In Your Garden

To make your Garden most productive you must use reliable Seeds.

Our Garden and Field Seeds has shown their reliability for more than thirty years.

We have everything in Garden Tools from a 25 cent Child's Set to a Planet Junior Hand Seeder and Cultivator.

We also keep the Swift Garden Fertilizer.

Nash Hardware Co.

"Over the Top" with that New Building

THIS logical time to go "over the top" is when everything is in your favor. Therefore, it's time to BUILD NOW—and, of course, you'll BUILD OF WOOD.

You've never had such an opportunity as you have now to buy Lumber at "rock bottom" prices—you may never again have the chance to make your crops buy TWICE as much lumber as they did before.

The sum amount of grain that built a modest cottage in 1914 will buy a cozy bungalow this year. The same number of hogs that built a small, inadequate barn in 1914 will give you a really practical building now. The same number of cattle sold in 1914 to buy that implement shed will now bring you an implement shed, a poultry house, and a garage! Why?

Because Lumber has not advanced in price in anywhere near the same proportion as other commodities—other than wood building materials included.

Get "over the top" with your buildings when everything is in your favor.

Build of Wood and Build Right Now

We are Headquarters for Better Building Material

KELLOGG BROS. LUMBER CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

**Now
Uncle Sam Is Ready**

His troops are in action—gaining momentum every day.

With the billions subscribed to the First and Second Liberty Loans we have put our men "across." We'll put the Third Loan "over" with a bang that will bunt our boys and wake up Kaiser Bill.

We'll sign up a billion "V's" for VICTORY—put a great big "L" in LIBERTY—show 'em there's plenty more where THAT came from!

Bring in YOUR "V" and sign up here—for your share in the final Victory.

BANK OF GRAND RAPIDS
West Side

IT RAINED THE NIGHT BEFORE

The reason that Napoleon met defeat at Waterloo was not because his soldiers did not dare to die and do! But all his guns stuck in the mire, they wouldn't move no more—and simply for the reason that it rained the night before.

But the tragedy supravolative that I will now relate.

It happened not in Europe, but in the Indian State;

And the time that it happened I could name them by the score.

And the reason it was simply that it rained the night before.

The capital invested in the earth the people own.

Is Eighty Million Dollars—and their history has shown:

They are used for work and pleasure, and for purposes galore—

But they aren't worth a cent if it rains the night before.

Just take for an example your own last county fair.

When Twenty Thousand people all had planned to motor there; The day was bright with sunshine, but the roads were mud-filled.

So all the people stayed at home for it rained the night before.

The directors were distraught, for the gate receipts were small;

The fair turned out a dud, and its prestige took a full;

And all this big disaster that nothing can restore.

Was wholly for the reason that it rained the night before.

The reason that Wisconsin has so many Waterfalls.

And the falls all are useless and their owners live the blues;

Is because the roads are rotten, and of this you may be sure.

It was mostly for the reason that it rained the night before.

Since the State Aid plan was started some few stretches have been laid.

Like Islands in the ocean—all trained to proper grade;

But the seas of mud between them emphasizes all the more—

How ALL the roads are useless if it rains the night before.

But the people are awaking, and the people now have planned.

To make Wisconsin's highways the best in the land;

Then when they're all completed, it can rain and it can pour—

But it won't make any difference if it rains the night before.

First Moravian Church

Rev Theodore Holton will preach on Sunday morning, the pastor being absent attending trustees meeting of the Moravian college and theological seminary at Bethlehem. Pa. There will be English service in the evening. The members are invited to attend service at the Scandinavian Moravian church at 7:30 p.m.

A young woman, born and raised in Germany, came to America, just before the great war broke out. She had worked for several years in Germany, for a well-to-do doctor at \$12 a year and maintained on room in the United States. Through the financial assistance of a sister who had provided her home, she secured a position as a domestic, and since then has earned nearly \$800, which she has deposited in a bank. She has had an excellent home, has accompanied her employer on extended travel trips and had many comforts she never enjoyed in her native land. Two of her brothers, soldiers in the German army, gave up their lives during the first few weeks of the war. Of her parents, who still live in Germany, she has heard nothing for nearly a year. While her heart bleeds for her relatives and friends across the sea, she has no doubt as to who caused the present world calamity. Her one great hope is that her parents may be alive when the war ends and can make their home in the United States. That young woman is at present a resident of Stevens Point.—Stevens Point Gazette.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul May, who are located at Carey, Mississippi, where Mr. May is running a dredge for the Arpin Co., were in the city several days the past week, having been called to Milwaukee by the serious illness of Mrs. May's mother.

Morris Herald: Mrs. Adel Janeau Lemay, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Grand Rapids, who was visiting at the John Colas home in this city, was taken sick while a guest at the Goffred Talbot home, Third street. A physician, who was called in on the case, diagnosed same as smallpox and, as a result, the Talbot home is now under quarantine.

Farmers having their farms named can find no better means of giving them publicity than the method of properly printed stationery. The Tribune Job Department is equipped to do high grade work at reasonable prices. Remington printed envelopes and paper will not cost you much more than plain material, and we take orders from 100 up.

USE PLENTY OF POTATOES
AND SAVE THE WHEAT

Don't complain when your wife asks you to eat potatoes twice a day from now on until Wisconsin has disposed of its big surplus.

She is doing the only thing that, under the circumstances, she has a right to do, and she intends to serve them with gusto for nearly a year.

Those not in the habit to question why more of the crop has not been consumed, for while you question potatoes are spoiling.

Even if you try you will probably discover a set of circumstances that were beyond control. The thing to do is for all of us to pull together and see that these 15,000,000 bushels disappear.

There is another reason, however, than the loss of this billion pounds of food. Our allies need food.

The allied army must have it, if the battle line on the western front does not break as did that starving line on the eastern front.

Great Britain is on food rations and is willing to reduce that ration still further if we will send more men.

Franco, even to her army, is on reduced rations.

Italy is on the brink of starvation.

Russia has passed over the line.

Germany is now replenishing her war stores from the scant supplies of starving Poland and Ukraine.

The groom has grown to young manhood in this community and is highly respected. The bride, though not as widely known here, is very popular with those who know her. She is a sister of Mrs. W. S. Dwell of Lincoln township. The Tribune joins a host of friends in wishing them a most happy and prosperous future.

Our wife, knowing these things, will serve potatoes as a substitute for bread. She will take all wheat bread from the table for two meals a day, and you and your family will be asked to actually pull up on potatoes.

Bacon, baked and mashed potatoes are old friends, but those two recipes, suggested by the home economics department of the contracting parties, A six o'clock five-course dinner was served at the home of the bride's sister, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Burmester will reside for the present at Lemmon, South Dakota.

The groom has grown to young manhood in this community and is highly respected. The bride, though not as widely known here, is very popular with those who know her. She is a sister of Mrs. W. S. Dwell of Lincoln township. The Tribune joins a host of friends in wishing them a most happy and prosperous future.

COTTAGE CHEESE WORKER
NAMED FOR WISCONSIN

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has named Mrs. Nancy Hatch, formerly of Institute, Wisconsin, to encourage in Wisconsin the production of cottage cheese, which experiments by the Department have shown is equal in food value to meat. Cottage cheese can be made from skim milk or buttermilk, now largely wasted or fed to animals, and its extended use is expected to save a large amount of meat which can be used by the armies and allies of America.

The work in Wisconsin will be part of the Department of Agriculture's national campaign, in co-operation with the U. S. Food Administration, to encourage the use, as well as the production, of cottage cheese, which experiments by the Department have shown is equal in food value to meat. Cottage cheese can be made from skim milk or buttermilk, now largely wasted or fed to animals, and its extended use is expected to save a large amount of meat which can be used by the armies and allies of America.

Ernest Oberbeck of Chicago spent several days in the city on business.

C. A. Nornberg transacted business in Milwaukee several days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Chandos have rented the home of Mrs. Ed Mahoney on First street.

Alfred Bauder departed on Monday evening for Rockford, Illinois, to join the army.

It happened not in Europe, but in the Indian State;

And the time that it happened I could name them by the score.

And the reason it was simply that it rained the night before.

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Alfred

Try this recipe for Crullers and Doughnuts—
you can help save the Nation's fats when
you use Mazola for deep frying

MAZOLA

Mazola is a vegetable oil—pressed from corn.
It is the ideal medium for deep frying, sautéing, or
shortening, because it is not only economical—it gives
such splendid quality.

Crullers and Doughnuts

1 cup bread flour
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons Mazola
Salt all dry ingredients except Mazola, add milk,
soft all dry ingredients except Mazola, add milk,
roll or put in 1/2 inch sheet and let stand a few minutes to rise.
Cut and fry in Mazola.

Get Mazola from your grocer in pint, quart, half-gallon or gallon tins. And ask for the free Mazola Book of Recipes, or write us direct.

Your money refunded if Mazola does not give entire satisfaction.

Corn Products Refining Company

17 Battery Place,
New York

Selling Representatives
National Starch
Company
228 E. Water Street
Milwaukee, Wis.



FOOD Will Win This War

Grow It In Your Garden

To make your Garden most productive you must use reliable Seeds.

Our Garden and Field Seeds has shown their reliability for more than thirty years.

We have everything in Garden Tools from a 25 cent Child's Set to a Planet Junior Hand Seeder and Cultivator.

We also keep the Swift Garden Fertilizer.

Nash Hardware Co.

"Over the Top" with that New Building

THE logical time to go "over the top" is when everything is in your favor. Therefore, it's time to BUILD NOW—and, of course, you'll BUILD OF WOOD. You've never had such an opportunity as you have now to buy Lumber at "rock bottom" prices—you may never again have the chance to make your crops buy TWICE as much lumber as they did before.

The same amount of grain that built a modest cottage in 1914 will buy a cozy bungalow this year. The same number of hogs that built a small, inadequate barn in 1914 will give you a really practical building now. The same number of cattle sold in 1914 to buy that implement shed will now bring you an implement shed, a poultry house, and a garage! Why?

Because Lumber has not advanced in price in anywhere near the same proportion as other commodities—other than wood building materials included.

Get "over the top" with your buildings when everything is in your favor.

Build of Wood and Build Right Now

We are Headquarters for Better Building Material

KELLOGG BROS. LUMBER CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.



Now

Uncle Sam Is Ready

His troops are in action—gaining momentum every day.

With the billions subscribed to the First and Second Liberty Loans we have put our men "across." We'll put the Third Loan "over" with a bang that will hearten our boys and wake up Kaiser Bill.

We'll sign up a billion "V's" for VICTORY—put a great big "L" in LIBERTY—show 'em there's plenty more where THAT came from!

Bring in YOUR "V" and sign up here—for your share in the final Victory.

BANK OF GRAND RAPIDS

West Side

IT RAINED THE NIGHT BEFORE

The reason that Napoleon met defeat at Waterloo was not because his soldiers did not dare to die, but because they were stuck in the mire, and they wouldn't move no more. And simply for the reason that it rained the night before.

But the tragedy superlative that I will now relate is that it happened not in Europe, but in the Budget States. And the time that it has happened is one that I could name them by the score. And the reason it was simply that it rained the night before.

The capital invested in the cars the people own is Eighty Million Dollars—and their history has shown:—They are used for work and pleasure, and for pleasure, pleasure. But they aren't worth a nickel if it rains the night before.

Just take for an example your own last county fair. When Twenty Thousand people all had planned to motor there; the day was bright with sunshine, but the roads were muddled up. So all the people stayed at home for it rained the night before.

The directors were distracted, for the gate receipts were small. The fair turned out a fizzle, and its prestige took a fall; And all this big disaster that nothing can restore.

Was wholly for the reason that it rained the night before.

The reason that Wisconsin has so many Waterloos—And the autos all are useless and their owners have the blues: Is because the roads are rotten, and of this you may be sure—

It was mostly for the reason that it rained the night before.

Since the State Aid plan was started, some few stretches have been laid.

Like islands in the ocean—all trimmed to proper grade; But the seas of mud between them emphasizes all the more—

How ALL the roads are useless if it rains the night before.

But the people are awaking, and the people now have planned To make Wisconsin's highways the finest in the land;

Then when they're all completed, it can rain and it can pour—but it won't make any difference if it rains the night before.

First Moravian Church

Rev Theodore Reinhart will preach on Sunday morning, the pastor being absent attending trustee meeting of the Moravian college and theological seminary at Bethlehem. The services will be English. There will be a service at the Scandinavian Moravian church at 7:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mau, who are located at Carey, Mississippi, where Mr. Mau is running a dredge for the Aransas, were in the valley several days the past week, having been called to Milwaukee by the serious illness of Mrs. Mau's mother.

Merillill Herald: Mrs. Adell Juncal LeMay, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Grand Rapids, who was visiting at the John Golian home in this city, was taken sick while a guest at the Codfrel Talbot home, Third street. A physician, called in on the scene, diagnosed same as smallpox, and as a result, the Talbot home is now under quarantine.

Farmers having their farms named can find no better method of giving them publicity than the method of privately printed stationery. The Printing Job Department is equipped to do high grade work at reasonable prices. Remember printed envelopes and paper will not cost you much more than plain material, and we take orders from 100 up.

LOCAL ITEMS

Mrs. Joe Staub has returned from a two weeks visit in Canada.

Mrs. N. Reiland has been quite ill the past week with pleurisy.

Frank Garber, the junk dealer, is building a warehouse 32x60 back of his home on Eighth street.

Ernest Oberbeck of Chicago spent several days in the city on business.

C. A. Normington transacted business in Milwaukee several days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Chando have rented the home of Mrs. Ed Mahoney on First street.

Alfred Bates departed on Monday evening for Rockford, Illinois, to join the army.

Mrs. A. F. Jones and Mrs. Guy Miller were in Chicago shopping several days this week.

Mrs. Aug. Kringle returned on Saturday from a three weeks visit with her parents in Milwaukee.

Gust Eberius of the town of Saratoga was among the business callers at the Tribune office on Monday.

D. J. Dorney has been hired by the park commissioners to look after the parks and river banks for the summer.

Mrs. Grover Akey of the town of Rudolph was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday while in the city shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Blair have returned to their home in Plainfield after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Booth.

John Bell, Jr. departed on Wednesday for Minnesota where he will have charge of a dredge for the Rood Construction Co.

John Meyers on Tuesday purchased the Peter Krommenacker home on the corner of First and Drake streets of the estate.

E. B. Smart, manager of the Wood County Telephone company, has been confined to his home during the past week with an attack of the grippe.

John Schuetz, one of the north side residents of Marshfield, was a business visitor in the city Monday. This office acknowledges a pleasant call.

Gus Lundgren, one of the solid farmers of the town of Rudolph, called at this office on Saturday to advance his subscription for another year.

Steve Schuetz, son of Peter Schuetz, who was in training at Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois, has been selected for the medical corps, and is now at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Robert Quaman, who resides on a farm next to Bell, was gathered at the post office Friday for operating an auto while intoxicated. The judge made it \$15.75, and Robert says no more for him.

William Knuth, one of the progressive farmers of the town of Sigel, was a pleasant caller at this office on Saturday. Mr. Knuth added to his acreage this year by renting the Oestreich farm adjoining his, which he will cultivate this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mau, who are located at Carey, Mississippi, where Mr. Mau is running a dredge for the Aransas, were in the valley several days the past week, having been called to Milwaukee by the serious illness of Mrs. Mau's mother.

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USE PLENTY OF POTATOES
AND SAVE THE WHEAT

MUCH NEEDED RAIN

Rain fell in this section Sunday and Monday, on which occasions there was a good fall of moisture that wet things down in good shape and extinguished the brush fires that were burning to a considerable extent in all directions. The weather has since warmed up and the result is that people have commenced to mow their lawns.

BURMEISTER-ZUGE

(Contributed)

Thomas C. Burmeister and Miss Ella Zuge, two popular young people of the community, were united in marriage on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the ceremony being performed at the German Lutheran church, by Rev. H. A. Kuehner. The bride was dressed in a tan Georgette crepe and carried a shower bouquet of roses and carnations, the groom was dressed in blue serge. The contrasting parties were accompanied by her brother, Mr. John Zuge and R. S. Evanson, and Misses Pearl and Daisy Croninger. The bridesmaids were dressed in pink and carried bouquets of carnations, and the best men wore navy blue serge and gray.

The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties.

A 4:30 o'clock five-course dinner was served at the home of the bride's sister, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Duerl.

Mr. and Mrs. Burmeister will reside for the present at Lemmon, South Dakota.

The groom has grown to young manhood in this community and is highly regarded. The bride, though not so widely known here, is very popular with those who know her.

She is a sister of Mrs. W. S. Duerl of Lincoln township. The Tribune joins a host of friends in wishing them a most happy and prosperous future.

COTTAGE CHEESE WORKER
NAMED FOR WISCONSIN

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has named Mrs. Nancy Hatch, Farmers' Institute worker of Green Bay, to encourage in Wisconsin the production of cottage cheese on farms and also to stimulate its use in homes.

Mrs. Hatch, one of 47 women agents named for as many states, is to co-operate with Federal and state agricultural and home demonstration agents. Miss Gertrude Val Hosen of Chicago, formerly teacher of household arts at the University of Chicago, is the leader in the cottage cheese work for the Central Western states.

The work in Wisconsin will be part of the Department of Agriculture's national campaign, in co-operation with the U. S. Food Adminstration, to encourage the use, as well as the production, of cottage cheese.

Most of the work is to be done by the Department.

The cottage cheese work is to be done by the Department.

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the Trail

Indian Though
ew, and Failed Not
at with Grim Death

By JACK LONDON

Copyright by Jack London

ITKA CHARLEY had achieved the impossible, other Indians might have known as much of the wisdom of the trail as did he; but he alone knew that the white man's wisdom, the honor of the trail and the law. But these things had not come to him in a day. The aboriginal mind is slow to generalize, and many facts, repeated often, are required to compass an understanding. Sitka Charley, from boyhood, had been thrown continually with white men, and as a man he had elected to cast his fortunes with them, expatriating himself, once and for all, from his own people. Even then, respecting almost venerating their power, and pondering over it, he had yet to divine its secret essence—the honor and the law. And it was only by the cumulative evidence of years that he had finally come to understand. Being an alien when he did know it better than the white man himself, being an Indian, he had achieved the impossible.

All of these things had been bred in a certain contempt for his own people, a contempt which he had made it a custom to conceal, but which now burst forth in a polyglot whirlwind of curses upon the heads of Kuh-Cluete and Gowhee. They eructed before him like a brace of snarling wolf dogs, too cowardly to spring, too wolfish to cover their fangs. They were not law-abiding creatures. Neither was Sitka Charley. All three were frightened looking. There was no flesh to their faces; their cheek bones were massed with hideous scars, which had cracked and frozen alternately under the intense frost; while their eyes burned furiously with the light which is born of desperation and hunger. Men so stunted, beyond the rule of the honor and the law, are not to be trusted. Sitka Charley knew this; and this was why he had forced them to abandon their rifles with the rest of the camp outfit ten days before. His rifle and Captain Eppingwell's were the only ones that remained.

"Come, get a fire started," he commanded, drawing out the precious match box with its attendant strips of dry birch bark.

The two Indians fell silently to the task of gathering dead hemlocks and underwood. They were weak, and paused often, catching themselves in the act of stooping, with giddy motions, or staggering to the center of operations, with their knees shaking like castanets. After each trip they rested for a moment, as though sick and dead-beaten. At times their eyes took on the patient stoicism of dumb suffering; and again the eye seemed almost bursting forth with its wild cry, "I want to exist!" the dominant note of the whole living universe.

A light breath of air blew from the south, nipping the exposed portions of their bodies and driving the frost. In need of fire, through fur and flesh to the bones. So, when the fire had grown frosty and thinned a damp curse to the snow about it, Sitka Charley forced his reluctant comrades to lend a hand in plucking a fly. It was a primitive affair, merely a blanket, stretched parallel with the fire and to windward of it, at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees. This shut out the cold wind, and threw the heat backward and down upon those who were to huddle in its shelter. Then, layer by layer, green spruce boughs was spread, that their bodies might not come in contact with the snow. When this task was com-

pleted, Kuh-Cluete and Gowhee proceeded to take care of their feet. Their ice-bound moccasins were sudsy with much travel, and the sharp ice of the river Junes had cut them to rags. Their starched socks were similarly conditioned, and when these had been shaved and removed, the dead-white tips of the toes, in the various stages of mortification, told their simple tale of the trail.

Leaving the two to the drying of their footgear, Sitka Charley turned back over the course he had come. He, too, had a mighty longing to sit by the fire and tend his complainful flesh, but the honor and the law forbade. He toiled painfully over the frozen earth, each step a protest, every muscle in revolt. Several times, where the open water between the Junes had recently eroded, he was forced to miserably accelerate his movements as the crackling footings swayed and threatened beneath him. In such places depth was quick and easy; but it was not his desire to endure more.

His deepening anxiety vanished as two Indians dragged into view round a bend in the river. They staggered and pointed like men under heavy burdens; yet the picks on their backs were a matter of but few pounds. He questioned them eagerly, and their replies seemed to relieve him. He hurried on. Next came two white men, supporting between them a woman. They also behaved as though drunken, and their limbs shook with weakness. But the woman leaned lightly upon them, choosing to carry herself forward with her own strength. At sight of her, a flush of joy cast the fleeting light across Sitka Charley's face. He cherished a very great regard for Mrs. Eppingwell. He had seen many white women, but this was the first to travel the trail with him. When Captain Eppingwell proposed the hazardous undertaking and made him an offer for his services, he had shaken his hand gravely; for it was an unknown journey through the dismal vastnesses of the Northland, and he knew it to be of the kind that try to the uttermost the souls of men. But when he learned that the captain's wife was to accompany them, he had refused flatly to have anything further to do with it. Had it been a woman of his own race he would have harbored no objections; but these women of the Northland—no, no, they were too soft, too tender, for such enterprises.

Sitka Charley did not know this kind of woman. Five minutes before, he did not even dream of taking charge of the expedition, but when she came with her wonderful smile and her straight clean English, and talked at the point, without pleading or persuading, he had involuntarily yielded. Had there been a softness and appeal to mercy in the eyes, a tremble to the voice, a taking advantage of sex, he would have stiffened to steel; instead her clear-searching eyes, a word of thanks from the clear-ringing voice, just a slight wreathing of the lips in the wonderful smile, and he walked with the gods for hours to come. It was a new stimulant to his manhood; for the first time he thrilled with a conscious pride in his wisdom of the trail; and between the twain they ever lifted the sinking hearts of their comrades.

The faces of the two men and the woman brightened as they saw him, for after all he was the staff they leaned upon. But Sitka Charley, rigid as was his will, concealing pain and pleasure apparently beneath an iron exterior, asked them the welfare of the rest, told the distance to the fire, and continued on the back trip. Next he met a single Indian, unburdened, limping, lips compressed, and eyes set with the pain of a foot in which the quick fought a losing battle with the dead. All possible care had been taken of him, but in the last extremity the weak and unfortunate must perish, and Sitka Charley deemed his days to be few. The man could not keep up for long, so he gave him rough cheering words. After that came two more Indians, to whom he had allotted the task of helping along Joe, the third white man of the party. They had deserted him. Sitka Charley saw at a glance the lurking spring in their bodies, and knew they had at last cast off his mastery. So he was not taken unawares when he ordered them back in quest of their abandoned charge, and saw the gleam of the hunting knives that they drew from their sheaths. A pitiful spectacle, three weak men lifting their puny strength in the face of the mighty vastness; but the two receded under the fierce rifle blows of the one, and returned like beaten dogs to the bush. Two hours later, with Joe resting between them and Sitka Charley bringing up the rear, they came to the fire, where the remainder of the expedition encamped in the shelter of the fly.

"A few words, my comrades, before we sleep," Sitka Charley said, after they had devoured their silent rations of unleavened bread. He was speaking to the Indians, in their own tongue, having already given the import to the whites. "A few words, my comrades, for your own good, that ye may yet perchance live. I shall give you the law; on his own head be the death of him that breaks it. We have passed the Hills of Silence, and we now travel the head reaches of the Stuart; it may be one sleep, it may be several. It may be many sleeps, but in time we shall come among the men of the Tu-

kom, who have much grub. It were well that we look to the law. Then he showed him out upon the trail and started him on his way. The two Indians attempted to slip off. "Hold, Gowhee! And thou, too, Kuh-Cluete! In such the given such strength to thy legs that you may outrun the swift-winged tead? Think not to cheat the law. Be men for the last time, and be content that ye die full-stomached. Come, step up, back to the timber, shoulder to shoulder. Come!"

The two men obeyed, quietly, without fear; for it is the future which presses upon the man, not the present. "Thou, Gowhee, hast a wife and children and a deer-skin lodge in the Chippewyan. What is thy will in the matter?"

"Give thou her of the goods which are mine by the word of the captain—the blankets, the beads, the tobacco, the box which makes strange sounds after the manner of the white man. Say this, I did not on the trail, but say not now."

"And thou, Kuh-Cluete, who hast no wife nor child?"

"Mine is a sister, the wife of the Factor at Koshish. He beats her, and she is not happy. Give thou her the goods which are mine by the contract, and tell her it were well she go back to her own people. Shouldst thou meet the man, and he so minded, it were a good deed that he should die. He beats her, and she is afraid."

"Are ye content to die by the law?" "We are."

"Then good-by, my good comrades. May ye sit by the well-filled pot, in warm lodges, ere the day is done."

As he spoke, he raised his rifle, and many echoes broke the silence. Hardly had they died away, when other rifles spoke in the distance. Sitka Charley started. There had been more than one shot, yet there was but one other rifle in the party. He gave a fleeting glance at the man who lay so quietly, smiled victoriously at the wisdom of the trail, and hurried on to meet the men of the Yukon.

MAKE APPEAL TO APPETITE

Food Materials Which Are of Little Real Value Have Distinct Place on Table.

Not all food materials are sold to be valuable in proportion to the appeal which they make to the appetite. For example, the flavor substances in foods which stimulate the olfactory and gustatory nerves, and thus give rise to appetite, are not ordinarily the substances on which the body depends for its fuel, nor for the great bulk of its building materials. The latter materials—proteins, fats or oils and carbohydrates—when chemically pure, have little or no taste or smell. The preference for this and that rather than greasy bacon is given as an illustration.

In a recent experiment it was found that of the 120 calories which represent the fuel value of a very thin 20 gm. (three-fourths ounce) slice, only nine calories remained when the slice was sent to the table, 120 calories being represented by the fat which "fried out" into the pan. In this case a considerable amount of flavor body also goes into the fat; yet most persons would not consider eating it unless it had been skillfully blended with large quantities of other foods; whereas the scrap of skeleton tissue which has lost 93 per cent of its food value is regarded as a dainty morsel.

He Was No Poet.

"You have a pretty good business, even in December."

"Yes," said the proprietor of the ocean hotel.

"They hear the sea a'entling, I presume."

"I dunno about that. We keep sending out brochures right along,"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sufferers in Silence.

The average millionaire knows how unpopular it is to be rich, but he goes right along and endures the painful responsibilities of wealth, suffering the scorn and censure of a cruel world in silence, and awaits his vindication beyond the grave.—Houston Post.

Every Soldier Will Pull Out His Handkerchief.

could not guess in a month what I am going to do with this cambric. What does a soldier or a sailor in camp or at the front need most?"

"Why—why, he needs so many things that it is hard to say what he needs the most."

"Then I will show you," said Mr. Bowser, as he folded the cambric so as to make four squares of it, each one a handkerchief of good size.

"Yes, a soldier needs handkerchiefs, and you are going to buy some as presents?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"That is just what I am going to do, and I want you to help me a little. Will these handkerchiefs be about the right size?"

"I want the soldiers and sailors to know that I am their friend. When these handkerchiefs are cut to the printer and have a lot of printing done, one side of the handkerchief will have the Stars and Stripes floating around. There will also be the words: 'From Samuel Bowser to a gallant soldier or sailor.' Under the flag will be the words: 'Keep your face to the sun!'"

"That will be nice," smiled Mrs. Bowser.

"On the other side of the handkerchief will be printed the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. The soldier will be all the braver and better on reading these things over

Bowser's Handkerchiefs

He Would Give Away a Million to the Soldiers

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(By M. QUAD.)

On coming up to the sitting room after dinner Mr. Bowser went directly to the library and closed and locked the door. He was in there two about an hour, and when he came out his looks showed that he had had something very important on hand. He carried in his hand a yard of cambric which he had bought at a store as he came home.

"Well, what is it?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"My dear," replied Mr. Bowser, "you know that I am an American and a patriot to the backbone?"

"Yes."

"You know that one of my grandfathers fell at Bunker Hill and the other at Yorktown?"

"No, I did not know it," said Mrs. Bowser, "but I'll take your word for it. You had forgotten to speak about it."

"Those patriotic mills will charge all they can get, as you will find," dryly replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, suppose I do buy that many yards?" grumbled Mr. Bowser.

"Oh, nothing, but it will cost you about twelve cents a yard."

"You don't mean it!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he rose up. "Why, the patriotic mills up in Full River ought to give me this cambric for four cents a yard."

"You are way out in your figuring."

"It is impossible for the allies to spare many cargo carriers to transport foodstuffs from India, Australia, New Zealand and even the Argentine Republic. This means that the allied nations are practically dependent upon North America to supply them with the food which must be forthcoming if terrible suffering is to be avoided and the fighting efficiency of the armies not impaired."

"On December 1, the United States had not a single bushel of wheat for export, after allowance was made for domestic requirements on the basis of normal consumption, and the United States Food Administration is endeavoring to bring about a reduction of 20 per cent in home consumption of wheat and flour. This would release 100,000,000 bushels for export, but the Allies will require nearly five times that amount before the 1918 harvest."

Cambric is the only country in the world, practically accessible to the Allies under present conditions of shipping shortage, which has an actual exportable surplus of wheat after allowing for normal home requirements. The surplus today is not more than 110,000,000 bushels. A reduction of 20 per cent in our normal consumption would save an additional 30,000,000 bushels for export. The outlook for production of food stuffs in Europe next year is distinctly unfavorable.

"Such is the situation—grave beyond anything that we thought possible a few months ago. Unless our people are aroused to a realization of what the world shortage means to us, to our soldiers and to our Allies, and of the terrible possibilities which it entails, disaster is inevitable."

"Production, too, must be increased to the greatest possible extent. Present war conditions demand extraordinary efforts, and every man, woman, boy or girl who can produce food has a national duty to do so."

"I am confident that when the people of this country realize that the food situation is of utmost gravity they will willingly adjust themselves to the necessities of the case and make whatever sacrifices may be required. The call which is made upon them is in the name of the Canadian soldiers at the front, the allied armies, and the civilian populations of the allied nations who have already made food sacrifices to an extent little realized by the people of this country."

"And the printing, Mr. Bowser—the printing? Have you got any estimate on that?"

"Mr. Bowser had no estimate."

"There must be handling and trucking, and how are you going to get them to the soldiers?"

"Why, I can send them to the quartermaster at Washington and he will give them out with the uniforms."

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Bowser. The government has never allowed the army or navy with fancy kerchiefs or cough syrup or chewing gum, and probably never will. Hadn't you better try some other plan to show the brave soldiers that you are their friend?"

Bowser rose up. He gasped and he gurgled, and he waved his arms. Finally the words came:

"Mrs. Bowser, I am no patriot. My grandfathers did not fall at Bunker Hill or Yorktown. I am not an American. I don't care a hoot for the Star-Spangled Banner and the screaming eagle, and you are to shame for it! You are to blame a young cold-blooded way you have made me a traitor to my country, that night, Mrs. Bowser, you may even see me again."

With that the ex-patriot went down the hall and clapped on his hat and angled the front door after him, and he did not reappear until three o'clock in the morning. Then he got softly into bed and began to snore as only a patriot can. He had given up the handkerchief question, but was still for war on the right side. And Mrs. Bowser was very sorry that she had hurt his feelings.

Proved Value of Nut Diet.

Nuts are free from trichinæ, impurities and other parasites as well as the infection due to specific diseases. Nuts are clean and sweet. Liquid nut preparations have saved the lives of hundreds of infants within the last twenty years. A telegram from a well-known senator at Washington announced the fact that his infant daughter and only child was dying from malnutrition, as cow's milk and all known infant foods had been found to disagree.

"Yes, a soldier needs handkerchiefs, and you are going to buy some as presents?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"That is just what I am going to do, and I want you to help me a little. Will these handkerchiefs be about the right size?"

"I want the soldiers and sailors to know that I am their friend. When these handkerchiefs are cut to the printer and have a lot of printing done, one side of the handkerchief will have the Stars and Stripes floating around. There will also be the words: 'From Samuel Bowser to a gallant soldier or sailor.' Under the flag will be the words: 'Keep your face to the sun!'"

"That will be nice," smiled Mrs. Bowser.

"On the other side of the handkerchief will be printed the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. The soldier will be all the braver and better on reading these things over

FOOD CONTROLLER OF CANADA GIVES WARNING

Food Production Should Be Increased at All Cost.

In a letter to the public on the 1st of January, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Canada's Food Controller, says:—

"Authoritative information has reached me that food shortage in Europe is terribly real, and only the sternest resolve on the part of the producers and equally stern economies on the part of all consumers, can possibly save the situation."

"France last year had a crop one-third and one-half that of a normal year. Women did the work of draught animals in a determined effort to make the impoverished soil of France produce every possible ounce of food. They now look to us to make up their deficiency of essential supplies."

"The harvest in Italy was far below normal and will require much larger supplies to feed her people until next harvest."

"It is impossible for the allies to spare many cargo carriers to transport foodstuffs from India, Australia, New Zealand and even the Argentine Republic. This means that the allied nations are practically dependent upon North America to supply them with the food which must be forthcoming if terrible suffering is to be avoided and the fighting efficiency of the armies not impaired."

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"The harvest in Italy was far below normal and will require much larger supplies to feed her people until next harvest."

the Trail

Indian Though
Few, and Failed Not
-ent with Grim Death

By JACK LONDON

Copyright by Jack London

ITKA CHARLEY had achieved the impossible; other Indians might have known as much of the wisdom of the trail as did he; but he alone knew the white man's wisdom, the honor of the trail, and the law. But these things had not come to him in a day. The aboriginal mind is slow to generalize, and many facts, repeated often, are required to compass an understanding. Sitka Charley, from his hood, had been thrown continually with white men, and as a man he had elected to cast his fortunes with them, expatiating himself, since and for all, from his own people. Even then, respecting, almost venerating their power and pondering over it, he had yet to divine its secret essence—the honor and the law. And it was only by the cumulative evidence of years that he had finally come to understand. Being an alien, when he did know he knew it better than the white man himself; being an Indian, he had achieved the impossible.

Of these things had been bred a certain contempt for his own people—a contempt which he had made it a custom to conceal, but which now burst forth in a polyglot whirlwind of curses upon the heads of Kuh-Chuete and Gowhee. They writhed before him like a brace of snarling wolf dogs, too cowardly to spring, too wretched to cover their fangs. They were not hideous creatures. Neither was Sitka Charley. All three were delightful looking. There was no flesh to their faces; their cheek bones were massed with hideous scabs which had cracked and frozen alternately under the intense frost; while their eyes burned lurid with the light which is born of desperation and hunger. Men so situated, beyond the pale of the honor and the law, are not to be trusted. Sitka Charley knew this; and this was why he had forced them to abandon their rifles with the rest of the camp outfit ten days before. His rifle and Captain Eppingwell's were the only ones that remained.

"Come, get a fire started," he commanded, drawing out the precious match box with its attendant strips of dry birch bark.

The two Indians fell sulitly to the task of gathering dead branches and underwood. They were weak, and paused often, catching themselves, in the act of stooping, with giddy motions, or staggering to the center of operations with their knees shaking like custard. After each trip they rested for a moment, as though sick and deadly weary. At times their eyes took on the patient stoicism of dumb suffering; and again the eye seemed almost bursting forth with its wild cry, "I want to exist!"—the dominant note of the whole living universe.

A light breath of air blew from the earth, slipping the exposed portions of their bodies and driving the frost. In need of fire, through fire and flesh to the bones. So, when the fire had grown lusty and blazed a damp circle in the snow about it, Sitka Charley forced his reluctant comrades to lend a hand in pitchin' a fly. It was a primitive affair, merely a blanket, stretched parallel with the fire and to windward of it, at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees. This shut out the chill wind, and threw the heat backward and down upon those who were to huddle in its shelter. Then, larger of green spruce boughs were spread, that their bodies might not come in contact with the snow. When this task was com-

pleted, Kuh-Chuete and Gowhee proceeded to take care of their feet. Their ice-bound moccasins were sadly worn by much travel, and the sharp ice of the river jems had cut them to rags. Their Siwash socks were similarly conditioned, and when these had been thawed and removed, the dead-white tips of the toes, in the various stages of mortification, told their simple tale of the trail.

Leaving the two to the drying of their footgear, Sitka Charley turned back over the course he had come. He, too, had a mighty longing to sit by the fire and rest his complaining flesh, but the honor and the law forbade. He toiled patiently over the frozen field, each step a protest, every muscle in revolt. Several times where the open water between the jems had recently eroded, he was forced to miserably accelerate his movements as the fragile footing swayed and threatened beneath him. In such places death was quick and easy; but it was not his desire to endure more.

His deepening anxiety vanished as two Indians dragged into view round a bend in the river. They staggered and paused like men under heavy burdens; yet the peaks on their backs were a matter of but few pounds. He questioned them eagerly, and their replies seemed to rebuke him. He hurried on. Next came two white men, supporting between them a woman. They also behaved as though exhausted, and their limbs shook with weakness. But the woman leaned lightly upon them, choosing to carry herself forward with her own strength. At sight of her, a flush of joy cast the fleeting light across Sitka Charley's face. He hurriedly a very great regard for Mrs. Eppingwell. He had seen many white women, but this was the first to travel the trail with him. When Captain Eppingwell proposed the hazardous undertaking and made him an offer for his services, he had shaken his head gravely; for it was an unknown journey through the dismal vastnesses of the Northland, and he knew it to be of the kind that try to the uttermost the souls of men. But when he learned that the captain's wife was to accompany them, he had refused any offer to have anything further to do with it. Had it been a woman of his own race he would have harbored no objections; but these women of the North—no, no, they were too soft, too tender, for such enterprises.

Sitka Charley did not know this kind of woman. Five minutes before, he did not even dream of taking charge of the expedition; but when she came to him with her wonderful smile and her straight clear English, and talked to the point, without pleading or persuading, he had inadvertently yielded. Had there been a softness and appeal to mercy in the eyes, a tremble to the voice, a taking advantage of sex, he would have stiffened to steel; instead her clear-searching eyes and clear ringing voice, her utter frankness and tacit assumption of equality, had robbed him of his reason. He felt, then, that this was a new breed of women; and ere they had been trail mates for many days, he knew why the sons of such women mastered the land and sea, and why the sons of his own women kind could not prevail against them. Tender and soft! Day after day he watched her, muscle-weary, exhausted, indomitable, and the words beat in upon him in a parenthetical refrain. Tender and soft! He knew her feet had been born to easy paths and sunny lands, strangers to the incensed path of the snow. When this task was com-

pleted, who have much grub. It were well that we look to the law. Today, Kuh-Chuete and Gowhee, whom I commanded to break trail, forgot they were men, and like frightened children ran away. True, they forgot; so let us forget. But hereafter let them remember. If it should happen they do not." He touched his rifle carelessly, grimly. "Tomorrow they shall carry the flour and see that the white man Joe lies not down by the trail. The caskets of flour are counted; should so much as one be wanting at nightfall—Do we understand? Today there were others that forgot. Moose-Head and Three-Solomon left the white man Joe to lie in the snow. Let them forget no more. With the light of day shall they go forth and break trail. Ye have heard the law. Look well, lest ye break it."

The two men obeyed, quietly, without fear; for it is the future which presses upon the man, not the present. "Thou, Gowhee, hast a wife and children and a deer-skin lodge in the Chippewyan. What is thy will in the matter?"

"Give thou her of the goods which are mine by the word of the captain—the blankets, the beads, the tobacco, the box which makes strange sounds after the manner of the white man. If I did die on the trail, but say not that I did."

Sitka Charley found it beyond him to keep the line close up. From Moose-Head and Three-Solomon, who broke trail in advance, to Kuh-Chuete, Gowhee, and Joe, it staggered out over a mile. Each staggered, fell, or rested, as he saw fit. The line of march was a progression through a chain of irregular hills. Each drew upon the last remnant of his strength and stumbled onward till it was expended, but in some miraculous way there was always another last remnant. Each time a man fell, it was with the firm belief that he would rise no more; yet he did rise, and again, and again. The flesh yielded, the will conquered; but each triumph was a tragedy. The Indian with the frozen foot, no longer erect, crawled forward on hand and knee. He rarely rested, for he knew the penalty exacted by the frost. Even Mrs. Eppingwell's lips were at last set in a stony smile, and her eyes, seeing, saw not. Often, she stopped, pressing a mitten hand to her heart, gasping and dizzy.

Joe, the white man, had passed beyond the stage of suffering. He no longer begged to be left alone, prayed to die; but was soothed and content under the anodyne of delirium. Kuh-Chuete and Gowhee dragged him on, roughly, venting upon him many a savage glance or blow. To them it was the scene of injustice. Their hearts were bitter with hate, heavy with fear. Why should they cumber their strength with his weakness? To do so meant death; not to do so—and they remembered the law of Sitka Charley, and the rifle.

Joe fell with greater frequency as the daylight waned, and so hard was he to raise that they dropped farther and farther behind. Sometimes all three pitched into the snow, so weak had the Indians become. Yet on their backs was life, and strength, and wraught. Within the four sacks were all the potentialities of existence. They could not but think of this, and it was not strange, that which came to pass. They had fallen by the side of a great timber jam where a thousand cords of firewood waited the match. Near by was an air hole through the ice. Kuh-Chuete looked on the wood and the water, as did Gowhee; then they looked on each other. Never a word was spoken. Gowhee struck a fire; Kuh-Chuete filled a tin cup with water and heated it; Joe bubbled things in another hand, in a tongue they did not understand. They mixed flour with the warm water till it was a thin paste, and of this they drank many cupsful. They did not offer any to Joe; but he did not mind. He did not mind anything, not even his moccasins, which searched and smoked among the coals.

A crystal mist of snow fell about them, softly, caressingly, wrapping them in clinging robes of white. And their feet would have yet trod many trails had not destiny brushed the clouds aside and cleared the air. Nine minutes' delay would have been salvation. Sitka Charley, looking back, saw the pillar'd smoke of their fire, and guessed. And he looked ahead at those who were faithful, and at Mrs. Eppingwell.

"So my good comrades, ye have again forgotten that you were men? Good Very good. There will be fewer bellies to feed."

Sitka Charley retied the flour as he spoke, strapping the pack to the one on his own back. He kicked Joe till the pain broke through the poor devil's

silence. The average millionaire knows how unpopular it is to be rich, but he goes right along and endures the painful responsibilities of wealth, suffering the scorn and censure of a cruel world in silence, and awaits his vindication beyond the grave.—Houston Post.

The faces of the two men and the woman brightened as they saw him, for after all he was the staff they leaned upon. But Sitka Charley, rigid as was his wont, concealing pain and pleasure impartially beneath his iron exterior, asked them the welfare of the rest, told the distance to the fire, and continued on the back trip. Next he met a single Indian, unburdened, limping, lips compressed, and eyes set with the pain of a foot in which the quick fought a losing battle with the dead. All possible care had been taken of him, but in the last extremity the weak and unfortunate must perish, and Sitka Charley deemed his days to be few. The man could not keep up for long, so he gave him rough cheering words. After that came two more Indians, to whom he had allotted the task of helping along Joe, the third white man of the party. They had deserted him. Sitka Charley saw at a glance the lurking spring in their bodies, and knew they had at last cast off his mastery. So he was not taken unaware when he ordered them back in quest of their abandoned charge, and saw the gleam of the hunting knives that they drew from the sheaths. A pitiful spectacle, three weak men lifting their puny strength in the face of the mighty vastness; but the two receded under the fierce rifle blows of the one, and returned like beaten dogs to the leash. Two hours later, with Joe reeling between them and Sitka Charley bringing up the rear, they came to the fire, where the remainder of the expedition crouched in the shelter of the fly.

"A few words, my comrades, before we sleep," Sitka Charley said, after they had devoured their slim rations of unenriched bread. He was speaking to the Indians, in their own tongue, having already given the import to the whites. "A few words, my comrades, for your own good, that ye may yet perchance live. I shall give you the law; on his own head be the death of him that breaks it. We have passed the Hills of Silence, and we now travel the head reaches of the Sturt. It may be one sleep, it may be several, it may be many sleeps, but in time we shall come among the men of the Eu-

highest, one needs but glance over a farmer's almanac to find how much faith is placed in these exploded ideas by persons with even a fair amount of education.

Though different peoples have different traditions, it seems that for the most part the full moon is regarded as the most auspicious phase, the moon being propitious in proportion as its luminous face is on the increase, and unpropitious when it is on the decrease, the worst phase of all being at the dark of the moon.

The givers get more out of life than the takers.

Be a "Live Wire."

To increase your earning capacity, you must be an energetic, live spirit, men or humankind. You should be throbbing with surplus power. You should possess a degree of strength that will give you confidence and courage. Force, to be of value, must be applied at the proper place. Effort, to be productive of reward, must be directed by superior intelligence. Exchange.

The givers get more out of life than the takers.

Just before going into battle, It will nerve him. After he has fought for twenty minutes he will find the sweat starting from his brow. The officer in command will call a halt and every soldier will pull out his handkerchief and wipe the sweat from his face. Perhaps he will also have a minute or two in which to run over the Commandments. He will at least think of me as he resumes his heroic fighting. What do you think of my idea, Mrs. Bowser?

"It is good. It is splendid!" was the reply, "but hadn't we better figure it a little?"

"Figure! Figure!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser. "What is there to figure about? I present the soldiers and sailors with a million handkerchiefs, such as I have described. They are thankful to me. Many of them write me letters expressing their thanks. I don't see the use of figuring."

"Well, dear, how many yards of cambric have you got to buy to make a million handkerchiefs? At four handkerchiefs a yard, you have got to buy two hundred and fifty thousand yards. That's what I mean by figuring."

"Well, suppose I do buy that many yards?" grumbled Mr. Bowser.

"Oh, nothing, but it will cost you about twelve cents a yard."

"Yes."

"You know that one of my grandfathers fell at Bunker Hill and the other at Yorktown?"

"No, I did not know it," said Mrs. Bowser, "but I'll take your word for it. You had forgotten to speak about it."

"Mr. Bowser got red in the face and blushed up a bit, but firmly continued to hold on to himself, and he therefore went on:

"There is nothing pro about me. I yelled for liberty, freedom and the American eagle. I am for the pres-



"Send Them to the Quartermaster at Washington."

dent; I am for the country; I am for war; I am for the soldiers and sailors."

"Yes, I know you are," was Mrs. Bowser's comment.

"I have bought Liberty bonds and other bonds, and I have subscribed to the Red Cross funds and other funds. I should have enlisted in the army or navy months ago, if I had not been too old. Mrs. Bowser, your husband stands forth as one of the great living patriots of America."

"But are you going to make a white flag of peace of that cambric?" she asked.

"I am for the country, you know," Mr. Bowser had no estimate.

"There must be handling and trucking, and how are you going to get them to the soldiers?"

"Why, I can send them to the quartermaster at Washington and he will give them out with the uniforms."

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Bowser. The government has never provided the army or navy with fancy kerchiefs or cough syrup or chewing gum, or probably never will. Hadn't you better try some other plan to show the brave soldiers that you are their friend?"

Bowser rose up. He had a terrible look on his face. He gasped and he staggered, and he waved his arms. Finally the words came:

"Mrs. Bowser, I am no patriot. My grandfather did not fall at Bunker Hill or Yorktown. I am not an American. I don't care a hang for the Star-Spangled Banner and the screaming eagle, and you are to blame for it! Yes, you are to blame in your cold-blooded way that you have sent me a traitor to my country. Good night, Mrs. Bowser, you may never see me again."

With that the ex-patriot went down to his hall and clamped on his hat, and he did not reappear until three o'clock in the morning. Then he got softly into bed and began to snore as only a patriot can. He had given up the handkerchief question, but was still at war on the right side. And Mrs. Bowser was very sorry that she had hurt his feelings.

"I am for the country, you know," Mr. Bowser had no estimate.

"There is something within men that responds to the truth."

ALMOST FRANTIC
Bad Kidney Trouble From Childhood and Was Discouraged. Doan's, However, Brought Health and Strength.

Mrs. C. Anderson, 4104 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., says: "I had kidney trouble from childhood and three years ago a severe spell developed. If I stooped, a terrible pain took me in the small of my back, and after several months I could not straighten. Often at night the pain in my back was so bad I had to prop myself up with pillows. It seemed as if my back would break. Watery sacs formed under my eyes and my feet were so swollen I had to wear slippers. Suddenly dizzy spells came on and pains in my head drove me almost frantic."

"I felt tired and weak and had hardly enough ambition to move. Nothing seemed to help me and I was discouraged until I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely and my health has been of the best ever since. Doan's surely deserves my endorsement. *Stomach to before me,* FRANK H. POCH, *Public*.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

GARRET or CAKES UNDER E COWS
A special feeding of Garrett or Cakes under cows purifies the blood and applies Dr. David Roberts' BAKER BALM.

A special feeding of Garrett or Cakes under cows purifies the blood and applies Dr. David Roberts' BAKER BALM. Excellent for weak horses. Read the Practical treatise on ABOITION IN COWS. Dr. David Roberts' *Val. Co.* 150 Grand Avenue, Newark, N.J.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
—take a prompt and effective remedy—one that acts quickly and contains no opiates. You can get such a remedy by asking for

FOOD CONTROLLER OF CANADA GIVES WARNING

Food Production Should Be Increased at All Cost.

In its letter to the public on the 1st of January, Hon. W. J. Banning, Canada's Food Controller, says—

"Authoritative information has reached me that food shortage in Europe is terribly real, and only the sternest resolve on the part of the producers, and equally stern economies on the part of all as consumers, can possibly save the situation."

"France last year had a crop between one-third and one-half that of a normal year. Women did the work of draught animals in a determined effort to make the impoverished soil of France produce every possible ounce of food. They now look to us to make up their deficiency of essential supplies."

"The harvest in Italy was far below normal and will require much larger supplies to feed her people until next harvest."

"It is impossible for the allies to spare many cargo carriers to transport foodstuff from India, Australia, New Zealand and even the Argentine Republic. This means that the allied nations are practically dependent upon North America to supply them with the food which must be forthcoming if terrible suffering is to be avoided and the fighting efficiency of the allies maintained."

"About one cent for every ton."

"If you get them done for a cent apiece you will be wonderfully lucky, for large handkerchiefs like that I

"will bring down the price of wheat for export after allowance for normal home requirements."

"The surplus today is not more than 110,000,000 bushels. A reduction of 20 per cent in our normal consumption would save an additional 10,000,000 bushels for export, but the allies will require nearly five times that amount before the 1918 harvest."

Canada is the only country in the world, practically accessible to the allies under present conditions of shipping shortage, which has an actual exportable surplus of wheat after allowance for normal home requirements."

"The surplus today is not more than 110,000,000 bushels. A reduction of 20 per cent in our normal consumption would save an additional 10,000,000 bushels for export, but the allies will require nearly five times that amount before the 1918 harvest."

"Such is the situation—grave beyond anything that we thought possible a few months ago. Unless our people are aroused to a realization of

Nervous Headaches Four Bottles of Peruna Made Me Well

Mrs. Effie Hill, Blanchester, Ohio, writes as follows:

"I cannot tell how much I suffered in the past twelve years. I have been treated by physicians and no relief only for a short time. I was in such a condition from nervous headaches, such heavy feeling as if my brain was pressing down, and so nervous could not get my rest at night. Would have ranking spells and then was weak that I could not do my work. I began to take Peruna. Have taken four bottles of Peruna and have gained in strength and flesh, and can say I am a well

I Cannot
Thank
You
Enough
For My
Recovery

woman. I cannot thank you enough for my recovery."

Those who object to liquid medicines can secure Peruna tablets.

NATURE'S BOOK OF SEASONS

Four Times a Year Does Good Old Mother Earth Bring Forth Her Fruit.

Mother Earth four times a year brings forth fruit of joy, summer, autumn, winter, spring, each fruitful, bountiful. Spring the buoyant spirit brings, with one look beguiles snowbound neds and frozen seas into melting smiles. On the green plantations we can, lovely spring, crown him with their jeweled crowns, call him as their king. Yields to summer he bares his head without much pain, when with favor all receive, pretty maidens, too. For he serves their vanity, doing all he can to enhance their beauty with just a touch of tan. Love him little, tulips, rose, peach and cherries red, plucks the rose, slopes, and some summer, too, has red. In his train a harvest rich golden autumn finds, which with care and thoughtfulness into sheaves he binds. 'Til the day of "giving thanks" spreads he out his gold, gathering his bounties, departs on the bustle of cold, ringing of the merry bells, cleaves the frosty air, "tis the gladness herald of coming winter's rest. On and on the seasons four speed the years around, twixt their covers, leaf by leaf, nature's book is bound.—John D. Knapp.

Greenland has no infectious disease.

Says Dodd's Kidney Pills,
Wonderful Remedy

Mrs. Delta Olson, of New London, Wis., like many others, knows after experiencing the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills that they are the best. Here is what Mrs. Olson recently wrote us:

"I suffered from rheumatism for years. There was a gravel deposit in the kidney, and I suffered much pain. I had dark circles around my eyes and was always tired. I bought a box of your Dodd's Kidney Pills and am glad to tell you that I am now well and painless. There are a wonderful remedy."

Mighty few people realize in these days that kidney trouble is making its advances upon us. Many are in need of treatment, they say. "Oh, I'm all right in day or two," and the majority think it is. Results are not always the same. Treatment, doctors bills—often death.

When you have headache, dizziness, pain in joints, aches, pains, rheumatism, or gout, stop before the eyes, asthma and secretions, rheumatic pains, or a weak heart, immediately take Dodd's Kidney Pills by the box. The use of the remedy endorsed by hundreds of users—DODD'S Kidney Pill.



Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney ills. At all druggists.

© 1918

© 1918

German Eat Sea Weeds.

Germany is, despite its contrary claims, getting desperate for food.

A recent issue of the International Review of Science and Practice of Agriculture announces that the Prussians are eating seaweed as one of the food substitutes.

They boil the slimy substance and digest it in cakes, hoping to derive the unquestioned nourishment while it possesses without being too conscious of it. Rhubarb leaves are also used now. Wheat and oats straw is ground, sugar beet seeds are made into meal. Nuts from the forest are collected and made into flour. Grape seeds are saved and ground also. Countless weeds from the fields are cut, dried and boiled in soup.

Privilege Restricted.

Bobby was playing he was driving a laundry wagon. He would come to the door and his mamma would give him the package of laundry and soon he would deliver it again to her. The mother, as she received the bundle, said in burst of affection, "Could you give me a kiss, Bobbie?" Bobbie drew himself up with pride and said, "No; laundryman don't kiss my mamma."

"Cold in the Head"

In an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh, persons who are subject to frequent colds, will find relief by the use of HATL'S CATARH MEDICINE. It will build up the system, cleanse the blood and restore the health. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HATL'S CATARH MEDICINE is taken in small doses through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. All Druggists To. Testimony is given that HATL'S CATARH MEDICINE will not cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Some Mixup.

At a munitions cauante a workman had called for a cup of coffee. Half a minute after receiving it he was back at the counter.

"There's something funny about this coffee, miss," he said; "it tastes just like cocaine."

The waitress slipped it and apologized.

"I'm so sorry," she said; "I've given you tea."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half part of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, small box of Barco Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barco Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, bleached gray hair and make it dark and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

By mothers for 35 years. Sold by all druggists, 50 cts. Sample mailed free.

Address: A. C. CLINSTEIN, Le Roy, N. Y.

Do you ask for and obtain?

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

For Constipation Carter's Little Liver Pills will set you right over night.

Purely Vegetable

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Carter's Iron Pills

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

Children Who Are Sickly

When your child cries at night, tosses restlessly in its sleep, is constipated, feverish and irritable, you will find Carter's Little Liver Pills the best remedy. Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

for us throughout the season. They are the best for relieving Fevers, Pains, Constipation, Teething Disorders, Measles and other childhood diseases. They cleanse the body and destroy Worms. These powders are pleasant to the taste of young parents to give. They cleanse the stomach, act as a Liver Tonic, and a wonderful Remedy. Don't accept by regulating that child's appetite system.

By mothers for 35 years. Sold by all druggists, 50 cts. Sample mailed free.

Address: A. C. CLINSTEIN, Le Roy, N. Y.

Do you ask for and obtain?

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

SAVE EGGS!

Don't use eggs for cooking and baking. Use the Original EGG-SUB and get the same results as if you bought fresh eggs at a dozen. Will go as far in baking as does a dozen eggs in a package. You are wanted everywhere.

C. A. FREEMAN, Elkhorn, Ill.

WANTED MEN and WOMEN to Learn the Barber Trade

Why wait to be told again? It pays, it's easy; no experience necessary. Tools free. The Barber College, 301 Carroll St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FISH

FRESH, FROZEN, SMOKED, SALTED
Send for Price List

GREEN BAY, WIS.
Box 623

CONSUMERS FISH CO.

Cuticura Soap is

Easy Shaving for

Sensitive Skins

The New Up-to-date Cuticura Method

PARKER'S BALM

A great preparation of perfume, oil and glycerine for restoring color and beauty to the skin.

For restoring color and beauty to the skin.

General Cornfield outbarks them all.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smearing—Just Eye Comfort. 10 cents a tube. 100 tubes to a box. 100 boxes to a case.

MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

W. N. U. MILWAUKEE, NO. 6-1918

Americans Most Reckless
Consumers of Candies and
Sweet Drinks in the World

After all American talk about the sacrifices America is making for the nites, the figures produced by Mr. Hoover respecting American consumption of sugar are enough to make Americans feel uncomfortable and look hypocritical. The plain facts are that American consumption of sugar during a period of distressing shortage has at best slightly diminished. Each American consumes over twice as much as each Englishman and almost four times as much as each Frenchman. Surely it is time, says the New Republic, to deal more drastically with such anomalies with such overwhelming indications of a refusal or inability on the part of the American to abandon under the shock of war the wasteful indulgence of his ordinary desires.

Americans are the most reckless consumers of candies and sweet drinks in the world, and it is this class of consumption which is least necessary and has the smallest food value. Something can be done to diminish the drain made by candy stores and soda water fountains on the sugar supply by an appeal to voluntary effort, but the appeal should be backed up by a power of coercion with which the food administration is not now possessed, but which should be granted to it some time in the near future.

Our Army Camps

Where Your Soldier Boy Is—
How to Get There.

Most of the army camps are prepared to receive visitors and there is a great demand on the part of relatives and friends to visit their soldiers and sailors. For those who are inexperienced with the locations of camps and how to reach them this list is published:

Camp Custer, National army, on Grand Trunk and Michigan Central roads near Battle Creek, Mich.; also reached by trolley. One-way fare from Battle Creek to Camp Custer via Michigan Central, 14 cents.

Camp Devens, National army, on Boston & Maine railway, about one-half mile from Ayer, Mass., reached by electric line or auto.

Camp Dix, National army, on Pennsylvania road, 1.0 miles from Lewistown, Pa. One-way fare from Philadelphia, 20 cents; Interurban state, 27 cents.

Camp Funston, National army, located at Funston, Kan., on main line of Union Pacific, 3.8 miles from Fort Riley, Kan. One-way fares from Junction City: Interstate, 22 cents; Interstate, 15 cents.

Camp Gordon, National army, located at Chickamauga, Ga., 43.5 miles from Atlanta, on Southern railway. One-way fare from Atlanta to Southern railway, 35 cents; via electric line, 20 cents.

Camp Grant, National army, on C. M. & St. Louis, 4.3 miles from Rockford, Ill.; also reached by trolley.

Camp Jackson, National army, 4.0 miles from Columbia, S. C., on Southern railway; also reached by trolley. One-way fares from Columbia via Southern railway, 20 cents; via electric line, 10 cents.

Camp Lee, National army, 7 miles from Petersburg, Va., on Norfolk & Western railway; also reached by trolley. One-way fare from Petersburg via N. & W. railway, 20 cents.

Camp Lewis, National army, located directly at American Lake station on Northern Pacific railway.

Camp Meade, National army, on Washington Baltimore & Annapolis electric railway, 1.6 miles from Odenton, Md. Fare from Odenton, 5 cents.

Camp Pike, National army, on Missouri Pacific, 5 miles from Military Junction and on C. R. & P., about 1/2 miles from Argenta, Ark. One-way fares as follows: From Argenta, 18 cents; from Little Rock, 24 cents; from Military Junction, 15 cents.

Camp Sherman, National army, 24 miles from Chickaloo, Ga., on B. & O. railroad. One-way fare from Chickaloo by tax, 20 cents.

Camp Zachary Taylor, National army, located at Dunesville, Ind., on Louisville & Nashville railway; also reached by trolley. One-way fare from Louisville via Southern railway. One-way fare from Louisville via Southern railway, 20 cents; via electric line, 5 cents.

Camp Travis, National army (Fort Sam Houston), on G. U. & S. and M. K. & T. railways, 4.25 miles from San Antonio, Tex.

Camp Upton, National army, on Long Island railroad, 6.5 miles from New York city. Fares from New York: one-way, \$1.25; round trip, \$3.50.

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BABCOCK
About 200 people were gathered last Saturday to learn of the sudden death of Guy L. Lue. Few knew of his illness. The cause of death was a perforation of the brain, and death called him in less than twenty-four hours from the time he was absent from home. Guy was born in Grand Rapids but came to Babcock with his parents when a baby. His wife, the late Mrs. Guy Lue, was born in Babcock and spent two years in Alaska with her family. The funeral services were held Tuesday. Roy Peckham of Grand Rapids conducting a part in the forenoon and the Masons took charge at the town hall and at the grave. The beautiful and impressive ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering of friends, for a large number of other friends who sent gifts of flowers. The bereaved family have the sympathy of a host of friends. All of the near relatives were present at the time of the funeral.

FOR SALE—Four good farm horses, two buggies and one single harness. E. T. McCarthy. 21*

FOR SALE—One year-old mare colt, broke to harness. Mrs. Jepson, Rudolph. Phone 9A10. 21*

FOR SALE—One top buggy and one single buggy. A. J. Cowell, 1373 Washington Avenue. 21*

FOR SALE—A good brood sow and two little pigs. For prices write E. A. Mask, Vesper, Wis. 21

ROOMS FOR RENT—Unfurnished, 444 Roosevelt street. Orin Clark, 21*

FOR SALE—Several head of good young horses. B. G. Eggert. 21

FOR SALE OR RENT—Seven room house, barn and two acres of land. A big place for truck garden. A. G. Koch, care Cohen Bros. 21

FOR SALE—One cylinder Harley-Davidson motorcycle. First check for \$99 takes it. See J. A. Staub. 41*

FOR SALE—Six cylinder, four passenger big roadster. Also 4 cylinder Saxon roadster. Dr. O. N. Mortensen. 41*

WANTED—Good girl. No washing. Apply Mrs. J. Hamner, telephone 523, 197 3rd St. N.

LOST—An automobile crank between the South Side and the Grand Theatre. Finder will receive reward by returning to Clark Lyon, 1227 West Cleveland St. 41*

FOR SALE—7-room house and half acre of land, will be sold cheap if taken at once. V. A. Kloppine, 1227 West Cleveland St. 41*

KELLNER
Mrs. Frank Bush and daughter Viola visited a few days the fore part of the week at Wild Rose.

A Rosenthal of Nebraska spent Saturday and Sunday at the Nick Rosenthal home.

Miss W. W. visited over Sunday with her parents at Stevens Point. Mr. Warren entertained company from Montello Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Kujala visited Thursday at the Geo. Ellis home near Plainfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eberhardt and children of Clintonville are visiting relatives here this week.

Elmer Hjerdstad of Clintonville visited here folks the first of the week.

Roy Warren and Emil Hjerdstad left for Stevens Point Monday and from there he will go to Camp Grant. A number of friends accompanied them to the Point.

John Sauer left Wednesday for Stevens Point and from there he will be sent to Columbus, Ohio for training in the National Army.

A number of relatives and friends from about here attended the funeral of Henry Goldberg in Grand Rapids Thursday.

VANDRIESSEN
Dr. Jurden

SPECIALIST
For all Nervous and Chronic Diseases, Physician and Surgeon, 30 years in special, personal and private practice. Treating all forms of subacute systemic diseases.

CONSULTATION FREE to the Sick

As honest opinion always given, diagnosis, prognosis, and to the incurable such advice as may prolong life.

Dr. Jurden has merited by skill and success the confidence he maintains.

Many wonderful cures in disease of the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart, lungs, nerves, and tendons, gall stones, gravel, etc. Nervous debility, asthma, catarrh of the throat, stomach, bladder, etc. Nervous debility, failing memory, over work, sore eyes, deafness, eyes and ear diseases, blood and skin diseases, blood poison, pimples, spots, tetter, ulcers, eczema, tumors, scrofula, cancer, where the roots do not extend to vital parts, goiter, swellings of the neck, glandular enlargements, tinea cruris, flatworms, kidney, bladder, etc. Ear diseases, dropsy, fits, varicose veins, enlarged glands, tissue waste, catarrhal discharges, drains, obstructions, weakness, and all constitutional and serious internal diseases that baffle the skill of many physicians.

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Dr. Jurden has merited by skill and success the confidence he maintains.

Many wonderful cures in disease of the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart, lungs, nerves, and tendons, gall stones, gravel, etc. Nervous debility, asthma, catarrh of the throat, stomach, bladder, etc. Nervous debility, failing memory, over work, sore eyes, deafness, eyes and ear diseases, blood and skin diseases, blood poison, pimples, spots, tetter, ulcers, eczema, tumors, scrofula, cancer, where the roots do not extend to vital parts, goiter, swellings of the neck, glandular enlargements, tinea cruris, flatworms, kidney, bladder, etc. Ear diseases, dropsy, fits, varicose veins, enlarged glands, tissue waste, catarrhal discharges, drains, obstructions, weakness, and all constitutional and serious internal diseases that baffle the skill of many physicians.

Dr. Jurden cures Nervous and Chronic Diseases, Physician and Surgeon, 30 years in special, personal and private practice. Treating all forms of subacute systemic diseases.

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